



## KING'S PRINCESS

## SHOWING TO-DAY

Please note the change of showing times:  
2.30, 5.00, 7.20 & 9.40 P.M.

Now! a musical love story  
big as all outdoors!

RODGERS-HAMMERSTEIN'S

## OKLAHOMA!



Directed by  
RICHARD RODGERS  
and  
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, II

Filmed in  
CINEMASCOPE  
TECHNICOLOR

Starring: Gordon MacRae, Gloria Grahame, Shirley Jones, Gene Nelson.

'CADBURY'S' DRINKING CHOCOLATE  
free to patrons at 7.20 p.m. performance.

— EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW —  
KING'S at 11.15 a.m. PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.  
Columbia's Paramount's

TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
AND 3 STOOGES Poppy the Sailor, etc.  
AT REDUCED ADMISSION: \$1.00 & \$1.50

## PRINCESS

Tomorrow, Sunday,  
At 12.10 P.M.

Madras Cine Corporation presents a  
Superb INDIAN PRODUCTION

## "GUL-E-BAKAVALI"

Starring: T. R. RAJKUMARI, G. VARA, LAXMI, RAJA, SULOGANA, M. G. RAMCHANDAR, CHANDRABHU, THANGAVELU, E. V. SAROJA, E. R. SAHADEVAN, A. KARUNANIDHI and 1001 others.

Directed by RAMANNA. Produced by DHEERAJ DAS GUPTA

AT REGULAR PRICES

## ROXY &amp; BROADWAY

2nd BIG WEEK! NOW SHOWING THE 8th DAY!

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

From the best-selling novel of young love in war!



Robert WAGNER Terry MOORE Broderick CRAWFORD

Buddy Ebsen — David Mccallum — Richard Fleischer — Harry Brown

+++++

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.

Warner Brothers TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS At Reduced Prices

At 12.30 p.m.

"BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL"

## STAR • METROPOLE

TEL. 63883 TEL. 76336

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

JOHN FORSYTHE MYRNA LOY ADOLPHE MENJOU

## the Ambassador's Daughter

Cinemascope

Print by TECHNICOLOR • Reprograph thru United Artists

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.  
UNIVERSAL COLOR CARTOONS M.G.M. TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices

At 12.30 p.m.

M.G.M. presents

In CinemaScope & Color

"THE STUDENT PRINCE"

Starring: Edmund Purdom

Ann Blyth

At Reduced Prices

\$1.50, \$2.00 & \$2.75 Cts.

Enrol Flynn

At 12.30 p.m.

"OBJECTIVE: BURMA"

A Warner Bros. Production

At Reduced Prices

## ELVIS

BY JANE ROBERTS

## She Sins So

This Week's Films  
In Pictures

John Kerr and Deborah Kerr in a scene from "Tea And Sympathy".

DEBORAH Kerr sins so delicately in "Tea and Sympathy" and with such evident dedication, that the adolescent to whom she makes a present of her person must have been more embarrassed than flattered.

I found the whole picture over sentimental and although there was an honest attempt made to sort out the problems of inhibited mature people as well as those of bewildered youth, only superficial emotions were produced to explain the complexities of human nature.

The truest words are spoken in a letter at the end of the picture. Deborah Kerr has taken what the author of the original play obviously considers to be strong measures to help prove to one of her husband's pupils that he is not the oddity the other "men" of the school consider him and years later he is reading the letter she has written him.

Whether or not it was her amusement that succeeded in turning him into the successful writer, husband and father he now is, is not proved. But looking back she wonders whether her possibly misplaced lowering of the standards she had set for herself had not resulted in the failure of somebody who needed her sympathy far more than a tormented, adolescent boy — her husband.

The boy has turned out to be a balanced adult. Her husband, described by her immediately after the "incident" is still the overgrown schoolboy, who, with understanding, could possibly have become, if not the best brain in the world, at least a sympathetic schoolmaster.

The problems of youth, she has come to realize, are often transient and perhaps it might have been better if she had stuck to what the headmaster's wife suggested.

## The Advice

"My Dear" was the essence of the advice offered her, "a schoolmaster's wife's duty is to remain aloof from the problems and politics of a Boys' School and to dispense tea and sympathy on Sunday afternoons."

Deborah Kerr, though trying initially to conform, finds that the boisterousness of the boys, matching her husband's animal spirits, is making her a partisan for a sensitive boy who is being victimized for preferring poetry to horseplay and beauty to bawdy talk.

She interferes — rather breezily I tell — and there is an underlying feeling that beneath her concern for the hurt of the boy so much younger than she herself now is, that there is a desire to live again for a little while the happiness she found with her first husband — a young boy of nineteen.

It's possible to read whatever one likes into "Tea and Sympathy", in spite of the shallowness of the players, so perhaps it succeeds by provoking thought. Left Ericson is the best member of the cast.

Pity To Miss

## This Musical

"OKLAHOMA!" gets off to a wonderful start

world, sugar is preferable to spice. Being in firm disengagement, it is difficult to be objective.

But to return to "The Ambassador's Daughter". Olivia de Havilland, still looking pretty and quite believably able to captivate the younger John Forsythe. He is one of the GIs whose behaviour in Paris has been questioned by the authorities back in the United States. Adolphe Menjou is a Senator from there who is firmly convinced that Paris should be declared a forbidden area for American servicemen. Myrna Loy, still with her eye, is his wife, and much more understanding. Edward Arnold is the Ambassador himself and also sympathetic towards young American manhood.

Naturally the GI and the Ambassador's daughter fall in love and lots of Paris is used as a background in the process.

It is difficult to see how a cultured boy like Forsythe could have such a likable moron for a friend as Tommy Noonan, but as Noonan gets most of the laughs it isn't very important.

## Further Word

## Of Praise

Of "Between Heaven and Hell" I wrote last week and feel that for those who did not read the review a further word of praise would be useful. The subject of war and its effect on the men fighting in it is imaginatively dealt with in this picture and there is an absence of the sentiment that so often detracts from the sincerity of such films.

Broderick Crawford hasn't acted so well since "All the King's Men" and Robert Wagner shows that he is much more than just another good looking pot of the Box Office watchers.

## More 'Rock'

My comments on "Rock, Rock, Rock" are much as they were for the predecessors of the "Rock" school, except that this one is more of a series of variety turns than a musical with a story. Many will miss Bill Haley's Comets who are more well known to Hongkong listeners than Alan Freed's 18 piece Rock 'n' Roll Band, but one thing is certain. There will be plenty of noise.

## A Light Piece

## Of Fluff

"THE Ambassador's Daughter" is a light piece of fluff that in spite of bringing in American concern for the behaviour of her servicemen in foreign capitals remains gay and free from politics.

It reminds me of a film of a few years back in which Jean Arthur was a serious-minded Congresswoman sent to Berlin to investigate reports of fraternization of American soldiers with Berliners and she is allowed to show more tact than that produced by her usual below-the-waist forthrightness.

Some of the faults in "Caravan" have been reproduced in "Oklahoma". For instance I found many of the danced sequences too long and the gawking, folksy choreography of Agnes de Mille is not to my taste. In fact the whole film is too long and would be better for some cutting.

However, with a production that has become almost a legend before its 21st birthday, it would be difficult to visualize it as less than the gigantic, colossal, stupendous, colorful, super-special epic of the year.

The comedy comes from Gloria Grahame as dumb Anne — the girl who just can't say "No". This song is quite suggestive but Gloria Grahame puts such fun and innocent wickedness into it that it is never offensive. This is the best role she has ever attempted and it would be a good thing if she abandoned all her sultry siren parts and concentrated on comedy from now on. Her scene with Father and philandering Eddie Albert is one of the funniest in the film. He too gets full marks for a good performance.

Possibly it is the present day feeling that in an uncertain

world, the comedy of "Tea and Sympathy" is due to start filming early in July. It will be produced by Sydney Box. The director's name has yet to be announced, but the screenplay will be by T. E. B. Clarke, author of "The Blue Lamp", "The Lavender Hill Mob" and "Passport to Pimlico".

As with so many re-makes, the gaiety and insouciance of the originals have been a little mislaid.

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Casting: It is probable that Dick Bogarde will play the role of Carton in Charles Dickens' story of the French Revolution.

Other films to come are:

"The Mayor of Casterbridge" from the Thomas Hardy novel of a proud man's fall and the rise of a young stranger to take his place in 19th century England.

"Madame Bovary" from the book by Gustave Flaubert.

"Monks" by Charles Dickens.

"Nelson" by Carol Reed.

"King of Abyssinia" will be based on an original screenplay by

New Films  
At A Glance

## SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Tea and Sympathy". Romantic entanglement between a schoolmaster's wife and one of her husband's charges.

Deborah Kerr, John Kerr, Leif Ericson.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Oklahoma!". Screen version of the immensely popular musical.

Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Rod Steiger, Gloria Grahame, Gene Nelson.

METROPOLIS and STAR: "The Ambassador's Daughter". Smooth comedy set in CinemaScope Paris. Olivia de Havilland, John Forsythe, Myrna Loy, Edward Arnold, Adolphe Menjou.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Rock, Rock, Rock". More Rock 'n' roll with Alan Freed.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Between Heaven and Hell". A good war film. Broderick Crawford, Robert Wagner.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "King's Rhapsody". A screen version of Ivor Novello's musical.

ERROL FLYNN and ANITA NEARY: "KING'S AND PRINCESS: "Without End".

EDWARD ARNDT, ADOLPHE MENJOU, JOHN GREGSON: "THE BATTLE OF THE RIVER PLATE".

TONY CURTIS and OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND: "BEACHHEAD".

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Women of the River". Romance and comedy along the banks of the River Po. Sophie Loren.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Love Me Tender". A come to take a look at the fabric of a life.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Women of the River". Romance and comedy along the banks of the River Po. Sophie Loren.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Last Wagon".

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Not as a Stranger".

## QUEEN'S &amp; ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS

THE KING OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

ALAN FREED

ROCK, ROCK, ROCK

SEAN FRANKIE LYNN and the 1000 others

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

# THE £1,000-A-YEAR PAGE BOY

**CUSTOMERS FOR A HAIR-DO GIVE HIM £2 A DAY IN TIPS BUT HIS FIRM IS FINED FOR NOT PAYING HIM ENOUGH**

London. It pays to be a page-boy at a Mayfair hairdresser's where top-crust customers go. One page-boy gets about £1,000 a year, a London court was told.

But his employers were summoned for not paying him enough.

Page-boy Frederick Tebboth, of Chudleigh Road, Brockley, is 16, but only 4 ft. 6 in. tall.

In his black uniform with silver buttons he spends most of his day bowing to beautiful women in the perfumed hairdressing salon.

For this, it was said at Clerkenwell Court, he gets:

**TIPS:** More than £2 a day; **FREE** meals, uniform, and clothes cleaning; **WAGES:** £5 5s.

His employers, F. G. French (London) Ltd., of Curzon Place, Park Lane, admitted they should have been paying him £6 11s. a week. Their lawyer said: "Tebboth himself certainly has not complained."

Mr Robey, the magistrate, fined the firm £2. He said of the £1,000-a-year page-boy: "He is doing very nicely."

Back in Mayfair page-boy Tebboth agreed. "It's the best job I ever had," he said.



## AND THEN—SECOND THOUGHTS

And then little Freddie had second thoughts.

He wrote a letter to the income-tax inspector. "Dear sir," it said, "It's not true—I do not make £1,000 a year as page boy to a hairdresser, perks or no perks."

For that was what the solicitor said Freddie earned with tips when his employers were fined for paying him 26s. a week short of the legal wage.

"He is doing very nicely," beamed Mr Robey, Clerkenwell magistrate.

"But I'm not doing very nicely," argued Freddie. "What are the income-tax people going to say when they read I am supposed to be getting nearly £20 a week? ... All this publicity!"

Freddie drew himself up to his full 4ft. odd. "There's a lot of bad feeling, I can tell you."

Although a fully grown man, he is just about tall

enough in his smart, many-buttoned page's uniform to look a well-grown 11-year-old straight in the eye. Patrons at the Curzon Place West establishment of society hairdresser Frederick French think he's "cute."

He helps them all off with their coats. Then he helps them all on with their coats. Naturally, they express their appreciation. "But not £1,000 a year," said Freddie

gloomily. "Nine pounds a week, maybe, in good times."

Mr Frederick Freeman, his employer, told me: "My wife spotted Freddie in the lift of a big store, just going up and down all day getting nowhere. She saw his potentialities."

He's been with us five years now at £5 5s. a week, and ... well, 200 patrons a day certainly don't forget him on their way out."

## He Spends Millions On 'Love Thy Neighbour' Ads

One of Washington's biggest real estate agents, never signs cheques, carries no life insurance and spends his earnings on full-page newspaper ads imploring people to "love thy neighbour."

Leon Ackerman says the money he makes from such things as a \$20 million real estate project in Florida is "all God's money."

Ackerman has aroused national interest through his newspaper ads which have appeared from coast to coast and through thousands of Christmas cards he sends out each year carrying religious messages.

"I don't worship anything I can't take with me," he said in an interview at his bustling real estate office.

Ackerman, who appears to be enjoying life fully, is a large man with silver hair, a grey moustache and grey eyebrows. He is 65.

He explained that his "re-surrection" occurred in 1949 after a hard St. Patrick's Day binge. "When I was 40, I was

Washington.

He apparently places the ads when he thinks they're most needed.

He placed some ads earlier last month, for instance, after Adm. Arthur W. Radford said that war in some cases is better than peace without freedom.

The answer, he said, is that he has learned that spreading the gospel of love is an infinitely richer source of satisfaction in life than "the worship of dollars."

The newspaper ads at first were anonymous. But, he said, the New York Times a few years ago refused to take an ad unless he signed his name to it. So, he will now carry his

name in small letters at the bottom, with his office address, but no mention of his business pursuits or the name of his firm.

"Every penny I earn personally goes into those ads," he said.

A man and wife who tied their three children to their beds and went to the movies were sentenced to 12 and 15-month jail terms today.

The 25-year-old father refused to leave the movie theatre when police entered to look for the parents after neighbours heard the children crying. He said he wanted to wait until the end of the picture. —United Press.

Paris. A Paris police court let a butcher accused of assaulting a meat inspector off with a 30-month fine (£230) fine after the butcher complained that his wife was cheating on him with a gendarme, and he reacted violently to the sight of men in blue uniforms.

You shouldn't confuse a meat inspector with a gendarme, but the court will give you a sympathetic hearing if you are accused of assaulting a woman.

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## Down Came Lamp Post

**CAPT. TELLS WHY**

Greenwich. Captain William Braxton Sinclair couldn't understand the fuse. They had put the lamp-post outside his house and he didn't like it. So he pulled it down, that's all. Wouldn't anyone have done the same?

The captain, a shy 60 or so, really didn't want to talk about it.

At his 200-year-old home, the Manor House, Crookhill, Greenwich, he said: "It was lunatic of someone to put it there in the first place. But they have been very nice about it now and I don't want to make a fuss."

But I asked him, how did it happen? The captain straightened his red-and-blue Fusiliers tie and began.

"Well, I found the hole yesterday, you see. They had taken up two of the flagstones in the forecourt and dug about six inches from one of the big stone piers. Of course, I got spade and filled it in.

### Spade Work

"Then I rang up the council people and told them about it. They said it was for a lamp, so I told them what would happen ... that it might get broken up in the erecting.

"But it was there just the same when I came home from the office. I am an architect, you know, and I know what happens if you take these things lying down. So I dug it up."

"She proclaimed that she had a first-aid box with her and was willing to treat any cat that fell ill.

"All the vets we have in attendance were up in arms," said Mr Calvert. "We had to make announcements that nobody was to take a cat anywhere near the woman in white."

"We tried to eject her from the show but nobody seemed able to manage it."

"The engineer fellow I saw this morning was very nice. He said things my way and said they would not be putting the lamp back."

## JEANETTE MacDONALD AND NELSON EDDY TOGETHER AGAIN

Hollywood.

After 15 years, the movies' most romantic screen team—even though each married another—walked into a television studio last month to sing together again.

In 1941 Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy ended their days as a team, and no more does he bound through the forest in his mountain uniform, or gaze at her in "rapture" while she sings "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life."

Today's young movie-savvy screen combination is like Piper Laurie and Tom Curtis and Elvis Presley and not so different. But MacDonald-Eddy succeeds such as "Naughty Marietta," "Rose Marie," and "Maytime," which were memorable films, even though Eddy's acting was understated, to put it mildly, and the stories were sugary.

### Quite Exciting

Thus TV fans saw a milestone when Miss MacDonald and her celluloid swain reunited for their first television appearance on the Lux Video theatre's special holiday musical show last month.

"This is quite exciting," the spirited, vivacious Miss MacDonald declared today. "We've been asked to appear on television before but one of us always has been busy. We finally made it this time because one of Nelson's club dates was cancelled."

The MacDonald-Eddy combination began in 1934 and established screen history until the couple's contract ended.

"I did not want to stay because I would rather be remembered kindly by fans than for these dreadful pictures that the studio later wanted me to do," she explained.

### Concert Artist

During the last 15 years Miss MacDonald has been a successful concert artist with an occasional TV appearance while Eddy turned to night club and concert work. But their fans did not forget them.

"MGH still gets letters asking if we will work together again," she smiled. "It's so flattering. Todd drivers, women in stores, persons on the phone say to me, 'when are you going to sing again?'"

"If I go on tour," he said, "no longer shall we have to put on our oldest clothes when we go walking to see the stars."

—United Press.

Sark.

Residents of this tiny British island have their tax problems, but not just like everybody else.

There are no income taxes, no customs excise and no death duties. But the 540 inhabitants are up in arms about taxes anyway.

They're disturbed about a penny-in-the-pound "soak the rich" duty levied on residents of the 1,000-acre island who look rich enough to pay it.

Henry Head, one of the 40 landowners on Sark, said "Sark is a tax-dodgers' paradise."

### Old Clothes

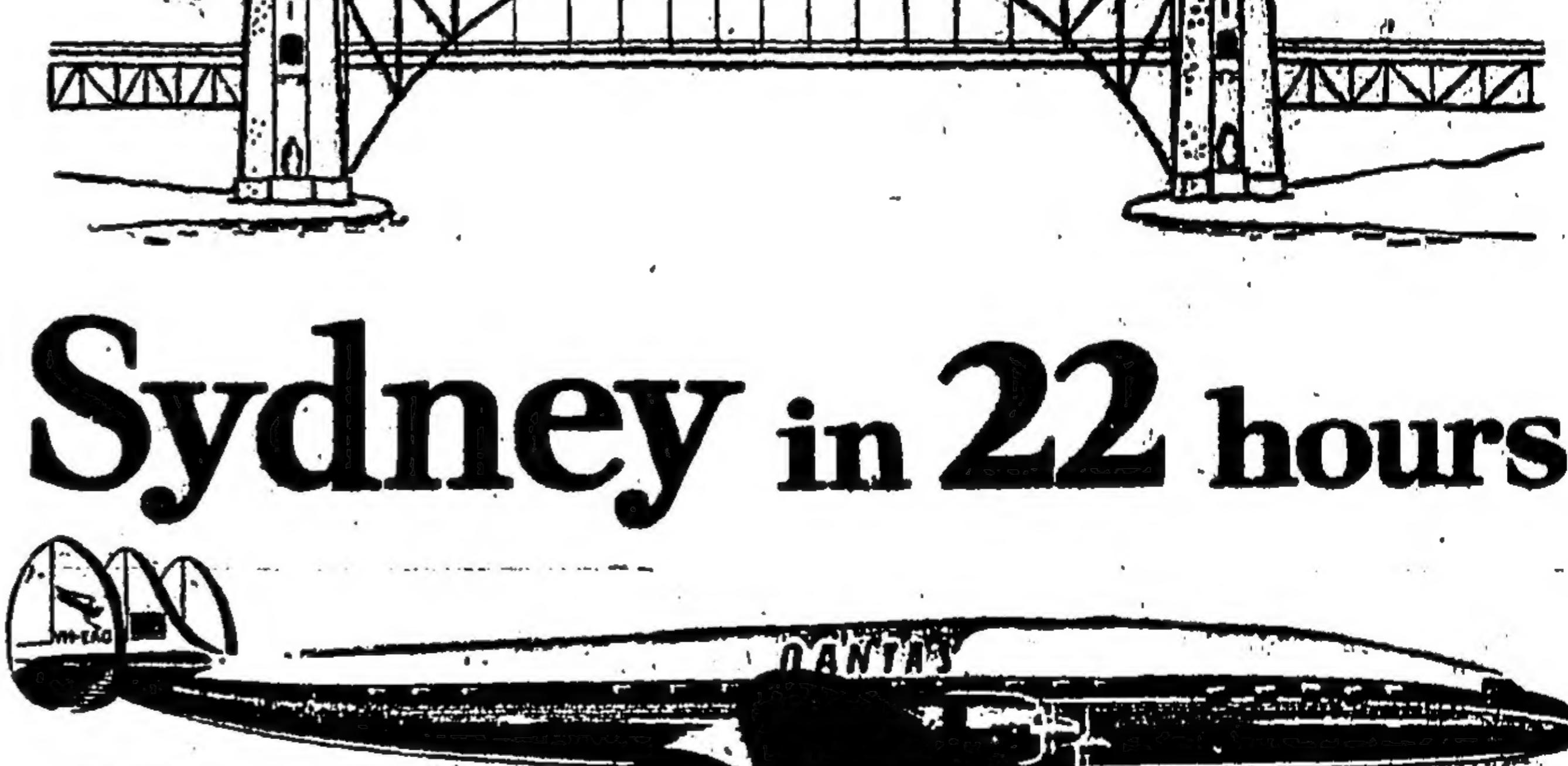
"But it is better to have no tax at all than have our worth assessed as a horse dealer would appraise the old grey mare," he said.

The trouble arose when the island's parliament decided to levy a tax on the basis of people's appearance.

For today's tourists and the collectors think he is worth as much as £40, he pays the tax. If he doesn't look good, no tax.

"If I go on tour," he said, "no longer shall we have to put on our oldest clothes when we go walking to see the stars."

## Sydney in 22 hours



by **Super Constellation**

LEAVING HONG KONG 4 P.M. EVERY TUESDAY

Qantas Super Constellations, the world's finest long-range passenger airliners, powered by four mighty Wright Cyclone turbo-compound engines, are now operating on the weekly service from Hong Kong to Sydney. Flying time has been cut by six and a half hours.

Fly Qantas First Class, with magnificent food and individual attention, or choose comfortable Tourist accommodation at a saving of over 20% in air fare.

QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS LTD. IN ASSOCIATION WITH BOAC AND TAA

AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE  
JARDINE MATHeson & CO. LTD. PHONE: 63311, 80211  
AND LEADING TRAVEL AGENTS

# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



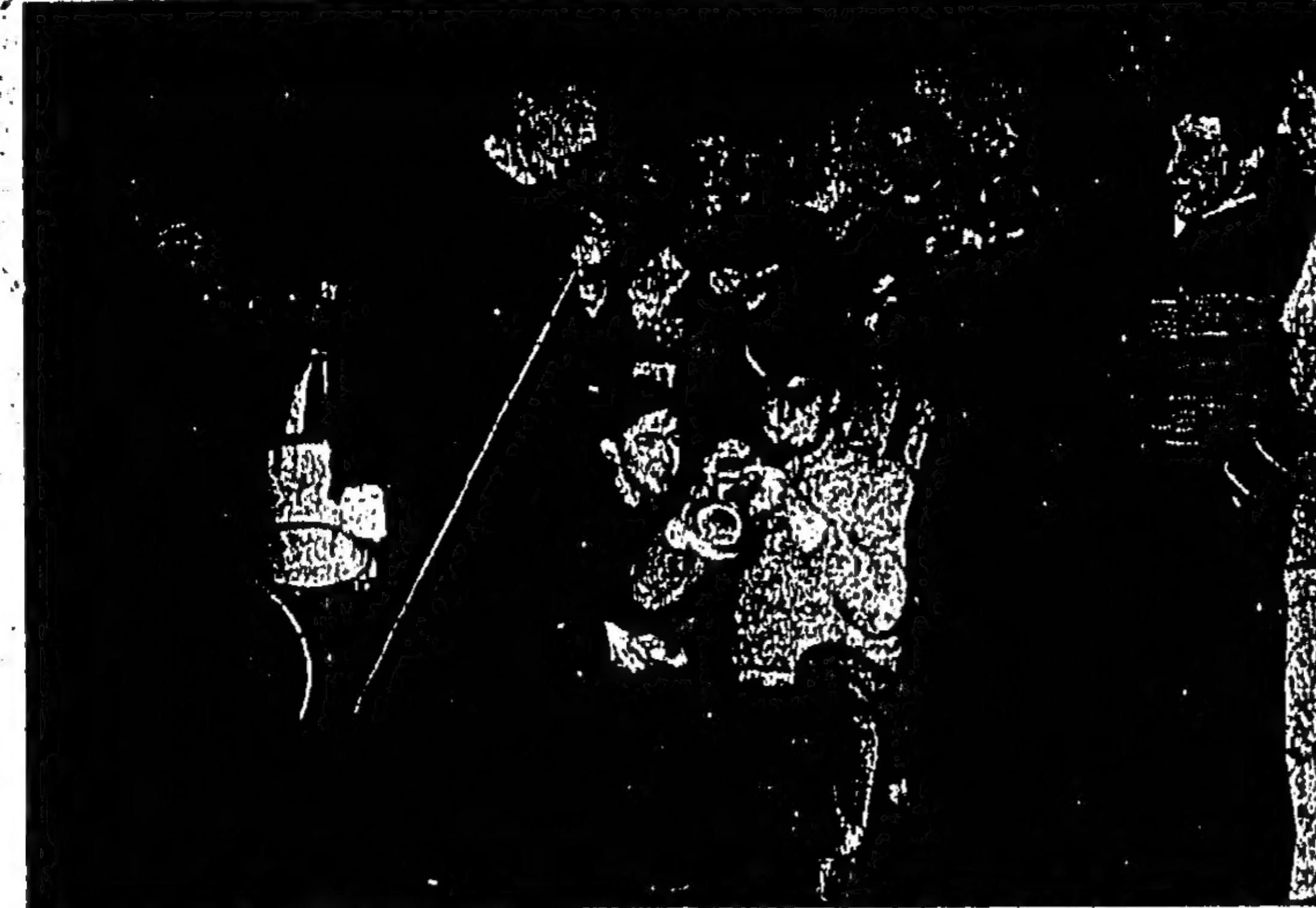
LOUIS and the Longhair. Trumpeter Louis Armstrong looks politely ecstatic as Norman Del Mar, conductor of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, tries to squeeze out of the famous horn. Mrs Armstrong's satchel-mouthed son was rehearsing with Mr Del Mar for a fearless one-night stand at London's Royal Festival Hall, the proceeds of which were to go to Hungarian relief. (Express)



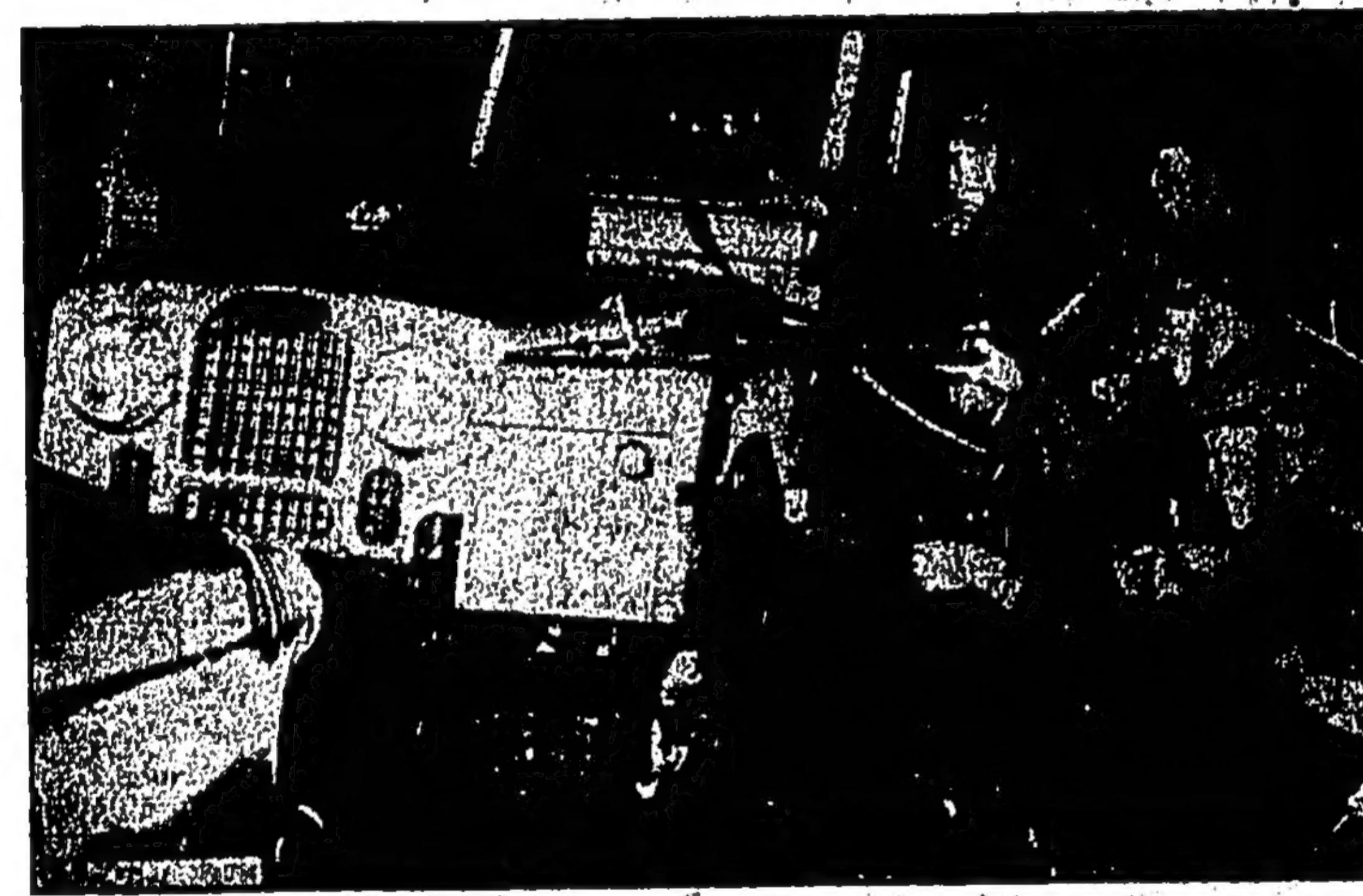
BRITAIN'S first Hungarian refugee baby, Eva Vech, 19, pictured with her 6lb 10oz baby Paula, born in a Sussex hospital. She and her husband, 27-year-old Jons, fled from their home just outside Budapest, and when they reached the Austrian border had to hide for two days, their only nourishment a bottle of wine given them by a peasant. (Express)



As policemen watch, a postman in Fleet Street, London — heart of Britain's national newspaper world — clears a pillar box after it had been reported that the Irish Republican Army had placed a bomb "in the box." "It was a mine dud," (Express)



IN a room of a public house in Newmarket, 200 youngsters have found a new pastime. They call it Jazz With the Parson. He is their curate—the Rev. Charles Cowley, 28-year-old former member of the Cambridge University Jazz Club. In a cafe one day he found 20 youths sitting round a juke box. "I suggested they should do something constructive, if they wanted jazz, instead of aimlessly putting pennies in a slot. I offered them a room." The offer was accepted, and soon it was filled with young people listening to the curate talk of jazz. Mr Cowley is shown singing at a microphone, with some very solid backing. (Express)



IRISH Army v. Irish Republican Army. These Eire troops are pictured in action against a house full of suspects of the illegal IRA organisation four miles inside the Eire border near Monaghan. The men—13 in all—were arrested. (Express)



SHEIK Khalifa Al Khalifa, 21-year-old son of the oil-rich ruler of Bahrain — he gets £3,000,000 a year from oil revenues — is pictured in his London flat with his tutor, Mr Robert Harrap. A graduate of Oxford and the Army Intelligence Corps, Mr Harrap was chosen from over 40 applicants to teach the Sheik English for a few hours daily. (Express)



THE Pantomime season under way in London. Beryl Stevens as Dick Whittington, George Formby as Idle Jack, and Jeanne Craig playing The Cat, photographed on the stage of the Palace Theatre. (Express)

B E L O W: Laurence Harvey as he appears in the male lead in Wycherley's 17th century comedy, "The Country Wife," which has been revived in London. The play deals with an amorous character who makes out he has been doctored in order to get on better terms with the wives of his friends. (Express)

SCHOOLBOY footballer Tony Wardley has been dropped from the Coplestone Road School (Ipswich) because his teacher objects to his "Tony Curtis" haircut. Fourteen-year-old Tony, left back, has been told he will not be picked again until he has a "proper" haircut. He still plays, however, for the All-Ipswich schools side. (Express)



THE Christmas scene in London's Trafalgar Square after the 67ft Christmas tree — a gift from the city of Oslo — was switched on by Norway's Ambassador, Mr Per Preben Prebensen. (Express)



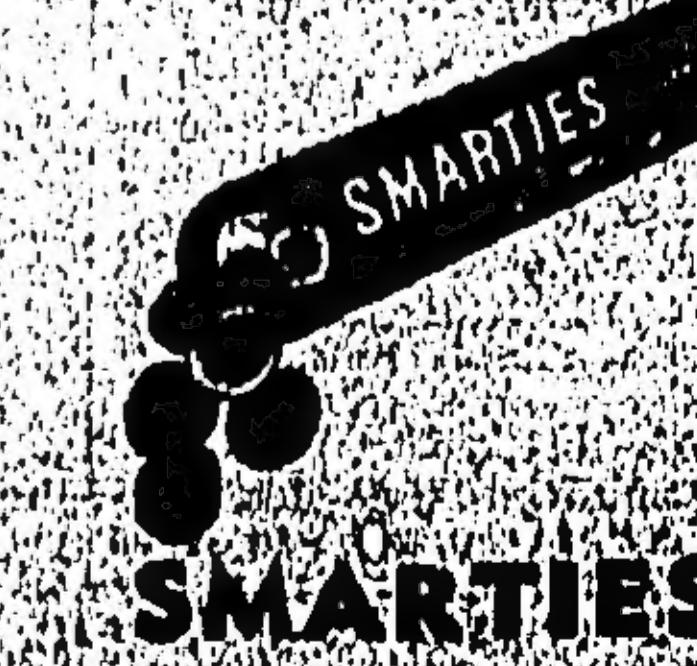
A TV transmitting unit being removed from a Bristol Sycamore helicopter after an airborne television transmission test at Cambridge by the Pye radio firm. Present range is about five miles, but it is planned to develop a more powerful set of similar weight but with a range of 100 miles or more. (Express)

## NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

## ROWNTREES





"Come and say 'Good Morning' to what you called 'The sweetest Christmas present you have had'."

A SUPER-CONFIDENT PEOPLE SEE ANOTHER JACKPOT YEAR

# THE UNQUIET AMERICAN IS HARD TO FIND

**F**ORWARD to '57, and the Americans expect the buoyant boom to continue at home, the tangled series of crises to continue abroad.

There are qualifications, of course. Perhaps the prosperity will lose a little of its blinding, the stock market sagged in 1956, the cost of living is the highest in history, and personal debt to hire purchase is prodigious, but most people expect the dollar avalanche to keep flowing.

I have not met many pessimists during the Christmas holidays. It's considered unpatriotic to sell America short even by inches.

The people say, the politicians say, and the Press say, "Another record-breaking year for America."

It is a good spirit, and it is the right spirit, characteristically American, though maybe a little tinged with a touch of the booster and the huckster.

## Fussing

**W**HEN a few friends dropped in for a drink, one man summed it up with the agreement of all the Americans present but with reservations from myself and a couple of other English people.

The man who has made half a million dollars during the past three years financing parking lots said: "We are going to hit the jackpot again. And why? Because America is 30 years ahead of the rest of the world."

# M. CLAUDE HAS A NEW PLAN FOR THE CARTIER EMPIRE

**PARIS NEWSLETTER** from SAM WHITE

**A**T this season it seems appropriate to cast a glance at the affairs of Cartier, the jewellers. Last week a Cartier married in Paris. It was a splendid affair and the reception which followed the wedding was almost a roll-call of Cartier's top clients throughout the world.

The bridegroom was 30-year-old Claude Cartier, who runs the New York side of the family business. The bride was 20-year-old Rita Salmona. Her father, Mr. Richard Salmona, is a Sicilian by birth and now a U.S. citizen. He has been married twice, each time to an exceptionally wealthy American woman.

Mr. Salmona lives most of the time in Paris and in Monte Carlo, where he is a gay and popular figure, known as Ricky. The most interesting aspect of this marriage is the considerable effect it is likely to have on the organisation of the Cartier business.

Just before Claude's father died, his wife, who was separated from him, had a multiplying arrangement

with his two brothers: one would take the London business, another Paris, and he himself would run New York. For taxation reasons all three branches were to be run as separate businesses.

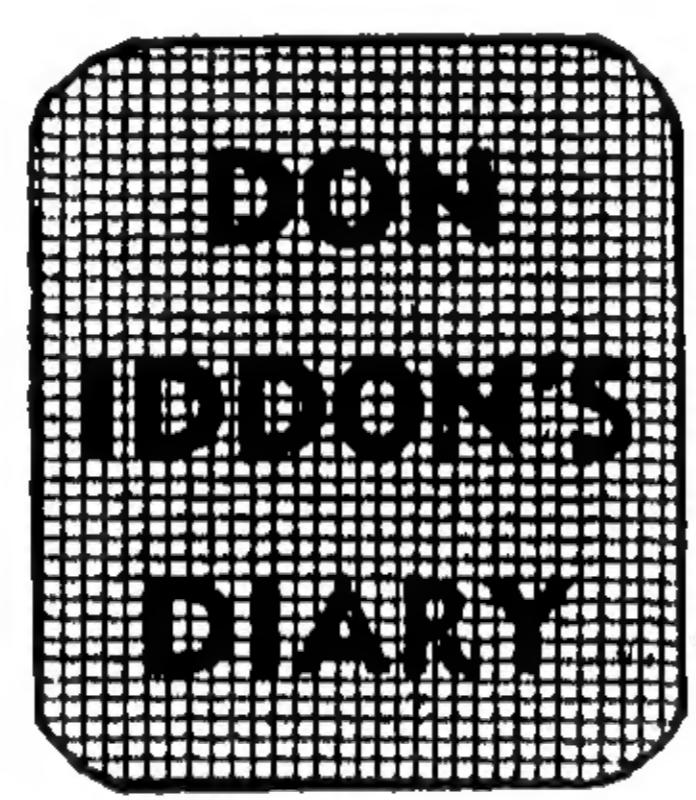
Claude, who had been brought up in Hungary (his mother was a Hungarian countess), arrived in the U.S. shortly after the outbreak of war.

In 1944 he joined the U.S. Air Force and thereby automatically obtained U.S. citizenship...

After his father's death control of the business passed to his mother and it was only after her death that he came into the inheritance at the age of 26.

By that time he had developed a passion for such dangerous sports as bobsledding and motor racing.

His New York driving licence was withdrawn for two years as a result of speeding charges. A modest and immensely self-confident young man, Claude is also a first rate businessman.



told about letting the British and French stew in their own juice. But sheer American self-interest will drive the Americans back into the Anglo-French arms.

A long policy conference between our new Ambassador, Sir Harold Caccia, and Mr. Hiumanskiold so far has agreed to practically everything that Colonel Nasar has demanded. This hardly makes the British or the French representatives here very happy.

My own view is that the Eisenhower-Humanskiold honeymoon will not last too long.

The President is still linked with Sir Anthony Eden. As regards the Suez adventure as a personal affront and has

different from your predecessor? Have you a blueprint for action to hit Page One?"

I cannot record the Ambassador's reply, but anyway, no knew the phrase "Page One," which is more than some of the mediocre men he has succeeded would have known.

This is a time of transition. Suez continues to plague the people's conscience and is inspiring the never of the State Department and White House.

We have heard very little from President Eisenhower since his massive election triumph.

We have seen him in smiling handshakes with Nehru, who has been fused over us, a sort of saviour of mankind, we have read of the 14-hour talks with Nehru in the solitude of the G-75th farm, but we have seen and heard few signs of positive leadership.

## Honeymooning

**M**RI. Dag Hammarskjold could be mistaken for the acting President of the United States. Like the great general, he has come the super-pacifist. He seems to be putting all the American eggs in the United Nations basket, and as Mr. Hiumanskiold so far has agreed to practically everything that Colonel Nasar has demanded, this hardly makes the British or the French representatives here very happy.

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placed more and more responsibility on Vice-President Nixon. Dulles, old and ailing, is being gently eased out.

His tendency just now is to

be kept at the back of the class for a few more weeks, even though Eisenhower publicly proclaimed that it was their "manifest right" to act as they did and millions of Americans agreed with the Suez action (but now deplore its humiliating end).

(COPIRIGHT)

DAY after day the President is asked although in politest terms: "What is your Middle Eastern policy apart from saying nice things about dear Dag down at the U.N.?" and an no one has ever accused Eisenhower of deafness he must be hearing.

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We shall have to wait on results so far as the presentation of the British case is concerned.

I asked Sir Harold: "Do you plan innovations — something

A Cabinet reshuffle would re-tire Dulles, promote Christian Herter, but Eisenhower and

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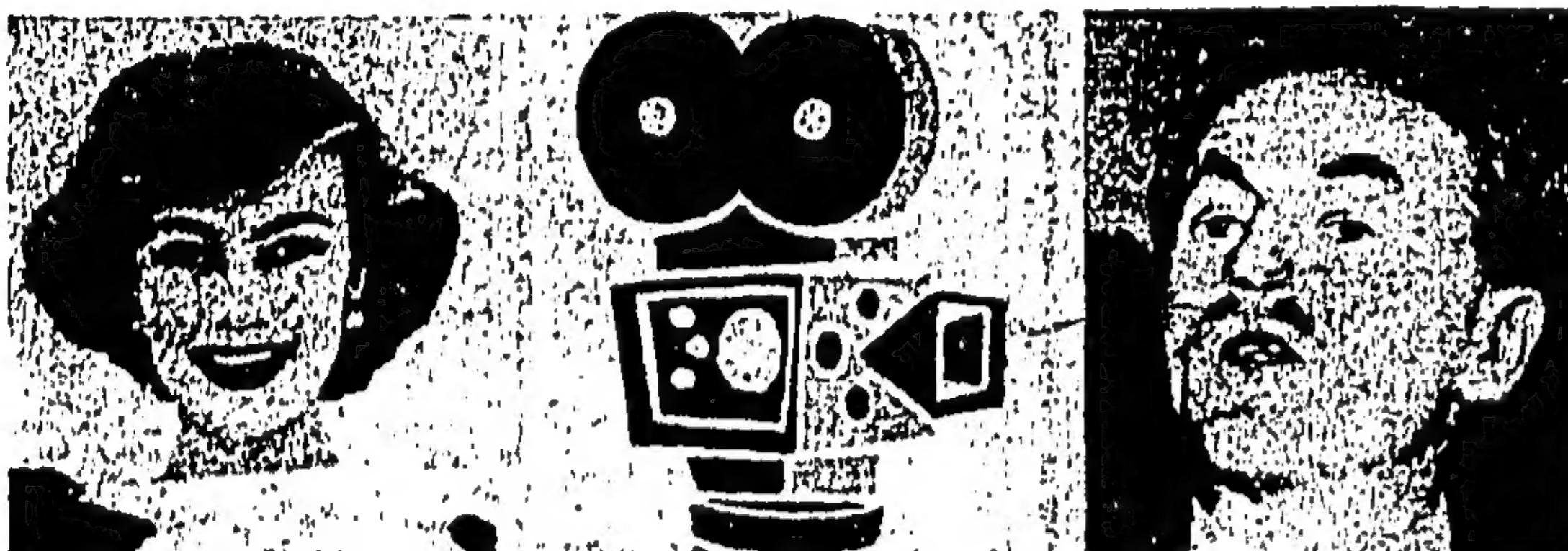
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# Exactly what it's like—taking a film test for Zanuck in CINEMASCOPE

by JEAN DAWNAY

READERS who first met Jean Dawnay through her book—"MODEL GIRL"—know her to be a person of frankness, honesty—and no "line-shooting." Since publication of "MODEL GIRL", millions have seen her on "What's My Line?" Now comes A Film Test For Jean Dawnay. This is her personal account of an experience about which thousands of people must have wondered: "I wonder what it's like . . ."



THE GIRL (JEAN DAWNAY)...THE CAMERA...AND THE MAN (ZANUCK)

THE thing that started it all was a meeting I had with film director Gregory Ratoff.

Apparently Mr. Ratoff liked what he saw because he passed my name on to Darryl Zanuck and suggested a test.

Three weeks ago when Mr. Zanuck came to London to finish filming Alec Waugh's novel, "Island in the Sun," his secretary called me to Claridge's Hotel.

I went expecting to find a large, bald, cigar-smoking film mogul who would fire questions at me and make me wish I had not come. Instead, I found a small, wavy-haired, good-looking man who looked more like a retired English colonel.

It was arranged I should do a test in about two weeks' time. I asked what I should wear, and Mr. Zanuck said something completely simple like a jumper and skirt.

## SIMPLE

SO far, so good. Everything seemed very simple. A week later somebody rang me from the studio and said I would be doing the test the following Friday.

So I began to go to bed early and get rid of the bags under my eyes; but on the Tuesday they telephoned again: to say the test had been put forward to Wednesday.

I was in a panic. When could I get my hair done? They said it could be done at the studio but I wanted to go to my own hairdresser.

What was I going to wear? I'd sent the skirt and sweater I'd decided on to the cleaner, and they wouldn't be back until Thursday evening.

Well, I'd just have to fix up something else, so I rushed off to that well-known chain store, bought a couple of new sweaters, and decided I'd wear the bottom half of a four-year-old Dior dress as a skirt.

On Wednesday I woke up feeling sick at the thought of the test, so I filled myself up with those new calming pills.

At 11.30 a large car arrived to take me to the studio.

I asked the chauffeur to stop at a sweet shop for me to buy some peppermints, as I'd eaten garlic for lunch the day before (before they'd sprung it on me about the changed schedule), so just in case I was expected to do a torrid love scene or something I was well prepared with peppermints.

## MASON

AT the studio the driver took me into a large building and telephone for somebody to come and take me to my dressing-room.

I was tickled pink to see my name in large letters on the door—admittedly only on card-board, whereas the next dressing-room had James Mason painted on the actual door, and on the other side of me I read "MILDRED CECIL."

After I had left my case I was taken downstairs to Mr. Dave Ayott, the make-up man. It was rather like going to the dentist's surgery. There was a huge chair with a head-rest, and lots of instruments, brushes, tweezers, pots, and pencils laid out—all scrupulously clean and tidy, and Mr. Ayott wearing a white jacket.

## LASHES

AFTER cleaning my face with a cleansing milk he smoothed on a stick make-up with a sponge moistened in glycerine (that was a new one on me, I've always used water), then brushed some dark-brown paint over the bumps on my nose making it look slimmer and straighter.

Then we came to the eyes, and the fitting of false lashes. Time for lunch. And then soon after a tall, handsome man came and told me it was time for the test (he turned out to be Michael Birkett, an assistant director).

Then came "Cut," and it was all over. Suddenly everyone started talking at once and what a relief it was. And, on, how I wanted to do it all over again and make a better job of it.

Now all I have to do is wait for the result.

(COPYRIGHT)

Where the men are confirmed bachelors, no wonder thousands of the girls are emigrating

## A NATION IS LOSING THE WILL TO MARRY

By RICHARD POLLOCK

IRISHMEN are born bachelors. And they'll do anything to avoid being "hooked." That is the simple explanation I have been given for the alarming fall in Ireland's marriage rate—now the lowest in Europe.

At the age of 30, only two or three of five Irishmen have settled down with a wife.

The result is that Irish girls are being forced to go abroad to seek husbands. Twenty thousand leave the country every year, and within six months many of them have found a prospective husband.

I was in Ireland shortly after the latest statistics were issued, and I recall the public lament of the Bishop of Cork: "The will to marry in the land is almost gone."

I talked to dozens of young people—men and women—in Munster and in Leinster, in Dublin and in the small towns and villages.

And the viewpoint of the average young girl in Eire was crystallised to me best by a Wexford girl of 24.

"I see no future for myself as a woman," she said. "Irishmen will play every trick they know to baulk the issue where a marriage is concerned. They all seem tied to their mothers' apron strings."



THE kind of breakfast you eat is a key to your character. It was dietician Vivian Sorsbie who told me so. After ten meetings she guessed my normal breakfast . . . orange juice and black coffee. I asked a psychiatrist about this. "Yes," he said. "People's eating habits are largely governed by their temperaments. After talking to a patient for 10 minutes I could guess fairly accurately how he likes to start the day." Try it for yourself. Pick out your normal breakfast from the examples below, then see if the character reading matches up with your own.

coffee "too soupy in the mornings" and prefers tea giving value for money. Often drives himself too far and suffers accordingly. A loyal friend and married partner.

## A rebel

BARE MINIMUM...fruit or juices, with tea or coffee. The rebel, who resists against ordered domesticity and routine jobs. Lots of energy here for things they like to do, very little if they are not interested. Stimulating companion, but don't take easily to humdrum married life.

Example: Ballerina Beryl Grey breakfasts on whole-meal toast and tea, sometimes with the addition of fruit.

## Artistic

CONTINENTAL STYLE...rolls and coffee, butter and marmalade or honey.

The artistic type, more interested in things creative than material. Usually generous and warm-hearted, but not good at budgeting or saving. Likes the gay things of life. Good food, music and dance.

Example: French actor Jean-Louis Barrault—now appearing in London—eats a scanty continental breakfast of coffee and rolls. "That is when I am in London. In France I have biscuits (a cross between a biscuit and a bun) instead of rolls." (COPYRIGHT)

## Your breakfast gives you away . . .

By EILEEN ASCROFT

Example: Conductor Sir Malcolm Sargent likes "a fairly large breakfast before rehearsals." Eats in bed while he answers his letters. Varies the main dish each day.

## Caution

CEREAL EATERS...cereal with milk and sugar, tea or coffee.

The cautious character, who likes to consider a problem carefully before making up his mind. Prides himself on keeping fit and in good trim. Usually kind and patient, with a nice sense of humour. Fond of children and animals.

Example: Film star Donald Sinden **ALWAYS** has breakfast "even if it makes me late for the studios." He finds

TEA AND TOASTERS...tea, toast, butter and marmalade.

The is the self-sacrificer, the conscientious person who prides himself on doing a good job and

## DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING?

T HIRTY-ONE is a good age. People still call you "Young man." You feel you can snap your fingers under anybody's nose. Your face has acquired those wrinkles that girls put down to experience.

But the day-dreams have faded. At heart, every man is something of a Walter Mitty.

Once, I dreamed of becoming the youngest captain in the Navy or the most popular portrait painter in London.

## Uncertainty

U N TIL I was 30 I could see myself clearing virgin land in the Yukon or sailing a trading schooner through the South Seas.

They say that Fleet Street is cynical. The hard, wise-cracking reporter with his hat on the back of his head. The editor with the cigar and the green eye-shade.

But it is not really like that. Certainly Fleet Street is tough—it has to be. Certainly it can be ruthless—every money-making business must be.

There are bad journalists and bad newspapers, just as there are good. And here you

can find cynicism. But it is usually on the surface. The reporter who is cynical to the core is a bad reporter.

What is cynicism? Just the bright, paper-thin defence of an unsure mind.

I know two cynics. One a famous artist. The other a fashion model.

HE SAYS: "Only one thing can carry you through life and that is your own guts and courage. I believe in nothing but my own courage."

SHE SAYS: "I only believe in what I can see."

2 Or you can believe that there is a purpose in the development of civilisation. That we are part of a great pattern that we cannot understand and is beyond the scope of our minds.

That we are working towards some goal beyond the horizon. That there is a greater thinking power than our own.

This I believe.

For her there is a brief, butterfly life as hollow as her candy-striped hatbox.

These two people believe only in themselves. In what else can they believe?

For the devoutly religious there is no problem. They deeply believe in the promises of their religion.

But for those who cannot shirk the comfort of secular religious conviction, those puzzled by the conflicting claims of churchmen, those baffled by the immense facts of infinity and eternity—what is there for them?

I try to match them, time after time, with what I consider a suitable partner, but they keep coming back with some excuse or other."

I heard of another important factor too. The average Irish girl saves her money, and has a dowry of about £300 or so—whereas the average Irishman has nothing in the bank, what with the money he spends on horse racing, dog racing, and drink!

"I know plenty of nice girls, but if I got married—well, I would have to give up a lot, wouldn't I now?"

This man's attitude is typical of the young Irishman who is determined not to get "hooked."

It is both a selfish and a scared attitude, and there is no

doubt that the great majority of Irishmen suffer from it.

This was confirmed to me by Dubliner Mrs. Bridie Brewster, who runs the only approved marriage bureau in Eire. Some of the Irish bachelors on her list have been waiting for as long as three years.

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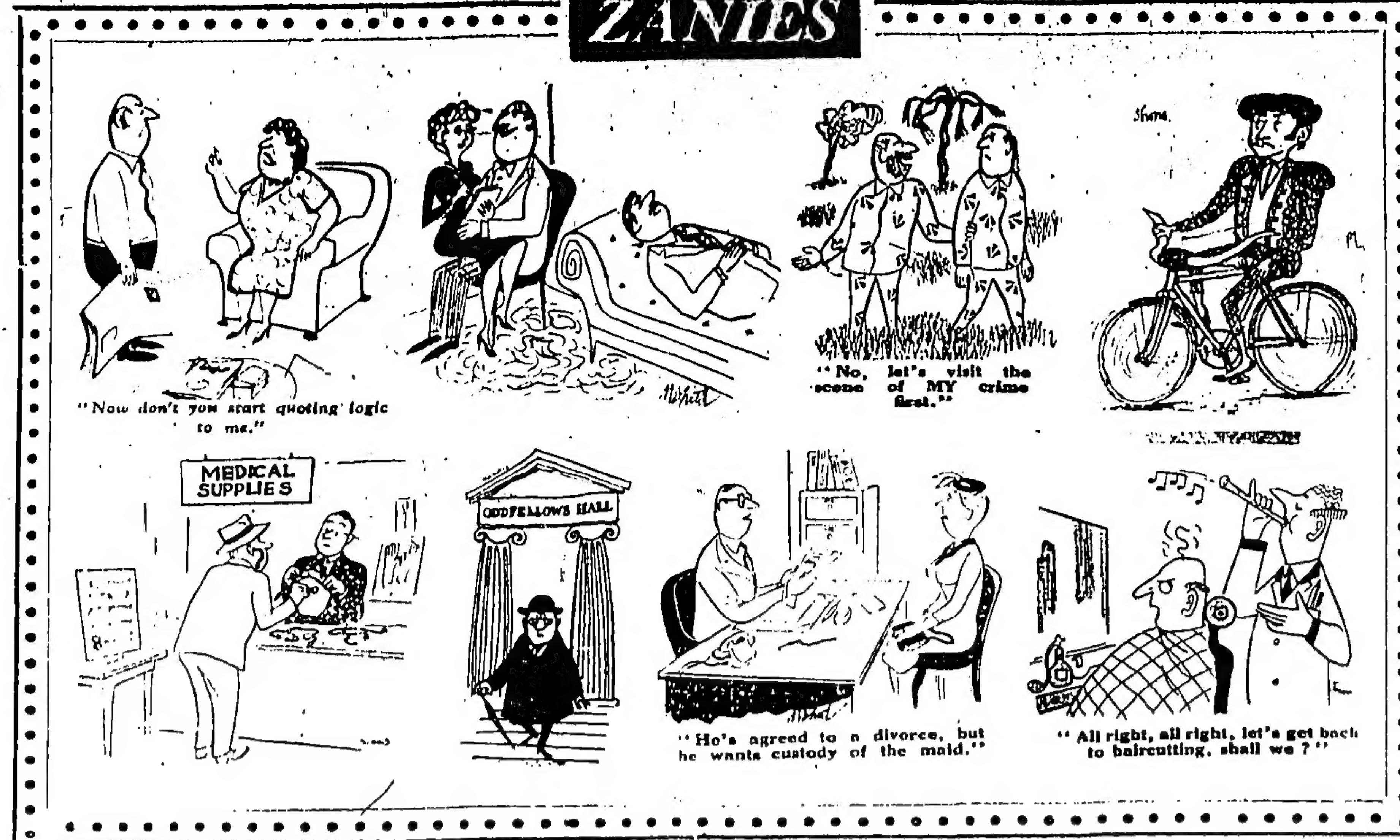
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## ZANIES



LIMELIGHT takes a backward look at the people

who made an impact in Show Business

MY TOP TEN  
OF 1956Nine are picked because they had MORE of something  
than anyone else... one because he had LESS

In naming the Show Business Personalities of 1956, the main difficulty is picking people who have not already been picked in 1936, 1946, or 1956. The problem is to find personalities who still cause palpitations but do not yet suffer from them. So outstanding octogenarians are out.

Who does that leave? There are 10 people who have made an impact of one kind or another during 1956 that could be felt without the aid of a screenograph. Some of them did not make the kind of impact they had intended to make, some I am sure, would rather not have made any impact at all; one or two of these can confidently look forward to making no impact whatsoever in 1957.

My Top Personalities demonstrated their superiority over others in their class by having more (of whatever it was that they had) than their nearest rival.

As far as CURVES are concerned, there is no doubt that Marilyn Monroe had more of them than any of the other contenders in this field. On her even the blue stocking that she has now taken to wearing looks good. The British public was ready to condone her excursion into the realms of higher thought as long as she did her high-thinking in low dresses.

They were not so ready to condone the long distances (not to mention private detectives) that she put between herself and her public; seductiveness is not enhanced by stand-offishness.

## Withdrawn

But as the new wife of a dedicated intellectual, Arthur Miller (the year's most notable exponent of brains), allowances were made for her. A girl who falls in love with intellect was bound to be a little withdrawn.

As a Monroe aficionado, I am prepared to be understanding: her story reveals that she has always been one character in search of an author. It is understandable that when she would him, she should cling to him. But I sincerely hope that she does not allow Mr. Miller's

by THOMAS  
WISEMAN

brains to go to her head. That would be a calamity—for her. For Mr. Miller. And for us. Other beauties who sauntered, wiggled, undulated and insinuated their way into the orbit of this column (including the order of sexiness) Sophia Loren, Brigitte Bardot, Dorothy Dandridge, Elsa Martinelli, Martins Carol and Anita Ekberg.

From among these, I would name Loren as the PROVOCATION of the year. She is the most likely successor to Monroe when Marilyn eventually retires (with a professorship in Russian literature?) She is a marvelously equipped to take over; not only does she have shape, she is also able to quote extensively and appreciate very

ly from T. S. Eliot. The others will no doubt continue to snarl, wiggle, undulate and insinuate ad infinitum—if not longer (as Mr. Goldwyn might say).

The most STRIKING personality of the year was not Frank Sinatra (he didn't strike anyone—not even me) but Yul Brynner who proved that having less of something than any of your rivals—in his case less hair—can also create an impact.

## No stunt

Mr. Brynner assured me when I met him that his drastic hairstyle was in no sense a stunt; that he shaved his skull every morning simply to save time and shampoos. He did not believe that men had to be handsome; whether we were unattractive, fat, short, dark, fat, bald, or hairy women loved us anyway as long as we were male.

As Mr. Brynner has established himself as a major star on the strength of one film and no hair, there may be something in what he says.

The most MESMERIC personality was Eartha Kitt, who looked like a Marianino, sang like a female Machiavelli and spent her free time, when she was not telling us that she had got that lovin' bug itch, writing a highbrow autobiography, and attending literary luncheons.

The most EXPLOSIVE personality of the year was Anne Bancroft, a mixture of Madonna and Mau Mau who won an Oscar for her performance in "Rose Tattoo," despite saying that Hollywood stinks.



## Miss Herdsman is busy with Christmas 1958

• I TRY TO GET FIRST-HAND REACTIONS...

I SEE THE TROUBLE PEOPLE TAKE WITH

## CHRISTMAS CARDS

London of a two-flight Georgian staircase bristling with royal warrants, in a small room clearly marked "Cashier's Office," I found the white-haired editor of the nation's largest and oldest Christmas card firm.

But December 25, 1956, was a thing of the past for her. She was busy typing out 365 household hints for a 1958 calendar.

In navy pinstripe, grey woolly, and lace, 85-year-old Miss Nona Herdsman has now been composing kindly thoughts and yuletide greetings, rhymed and unrhymed, for nearly 30 years.

"I started on calendars like this," she said, showing me a 1929 picture of Dick Swiveller with a wedge of tear-off dates below him, "and I had to find a suitable quotation for each day." Longfellow, Tennyson, Burns and the Bible provided first-class literary ammunition, but "schoolboy howlers" and "kitchen hints" were more difficult to find.

## FIRST ATTEMPT

On the day when Dickens yielded no fitting culinary phrase for a cooking calendar, Miss Herdsman made up her first verse.

When life is full of things to do,  
And things to boil and bake,  
Remember it's the lightest  
heart that makes the lightest

cake.



BY ROMANY BAIN

"It's worried me ever since much as any," she said, showing me an 1889 plush fringed model from her collection. "I can't let myself rip on those."

The management realised they had a natural Laureate on the premises, and Miss Herdsman was rapidly promoted to the editorship of Christmas Card Section. She has been in full-scale production ever since.

"My house is full of bits of paper because I never know when I am going to find a batch of verses churning round in my head," she said.

For each design of bulbous coach or fire-lit doggy-bread master's slippers, she provides a choice of four varied greetings. They include a dignified phrase of austere prose, a humorous jingle, and a couple of jolly holly rhymes to suit every sort of customer.

Miss Herdsman's inspirations adorn all the birthday, mother's day, and get-well-soon cards as well. "I think I enjoy writing Valentines as

## NOT IN TIME

Nowadays she is more hardened, but she still makes a point of standing behind customers in the shop to get first-hand reactions. "It shows me how careful I must be, and how much the message means, when I see the trouble people take. Though I don't suppose they choose them for the verses only," she added modestly.

There was no mention of rock 'n' roll in greetings this last Christmas, because mercifully it had never been heard of when Miss Herdsman and her colleagues invented them in 1954. And before the January bargains are off the store counters, the big buyers will have chosen their card designs for Christmas, 1957.

This year a bigger percentage of the expected 50 million cards posted in Britain will have a religious motif, and at the moment a sophisticatedly simple card of Santa Claus and his sleigh leads the popularity poll in the shops.

## ADVICE

Special category cards addressed to wives at 1s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. or teachers at 7s. 6d. ("And it's grand to have a teacher who's especially nice like you") are unfortunately expected to litter mantelpieces and TV tops in ever-increasing numbers.

"Plain words, nicely lettered, are what the public is looking for," said Miss Herdsman of her own contributions.

But if you are thinking of doing it yourself and being your own bard, take a tip from an old hand.

"Get something of the true spirit of Christmas, into every card, and if you are writing in rhyme, remember to put 'Robin' in the middle."

(COPRIGHT)

## William Hickey

I HAVE between 30 and 40 neckties, a friend of mine, a fanatic, has 150. I went along to a West End hotel where the Tie Manufacturers' Association was launching, to find out what they are planning for us.

Mr. Frederick A. Rushman, a past president, told me that a thing called the "white walk" style is what men will all be wearing soon.

He said: "These ties are made with a black and white warp which gives a light ground effect. It is the latest thing—very good for the business because they get dirty quickly."

He laughed over his joke, I didn't.

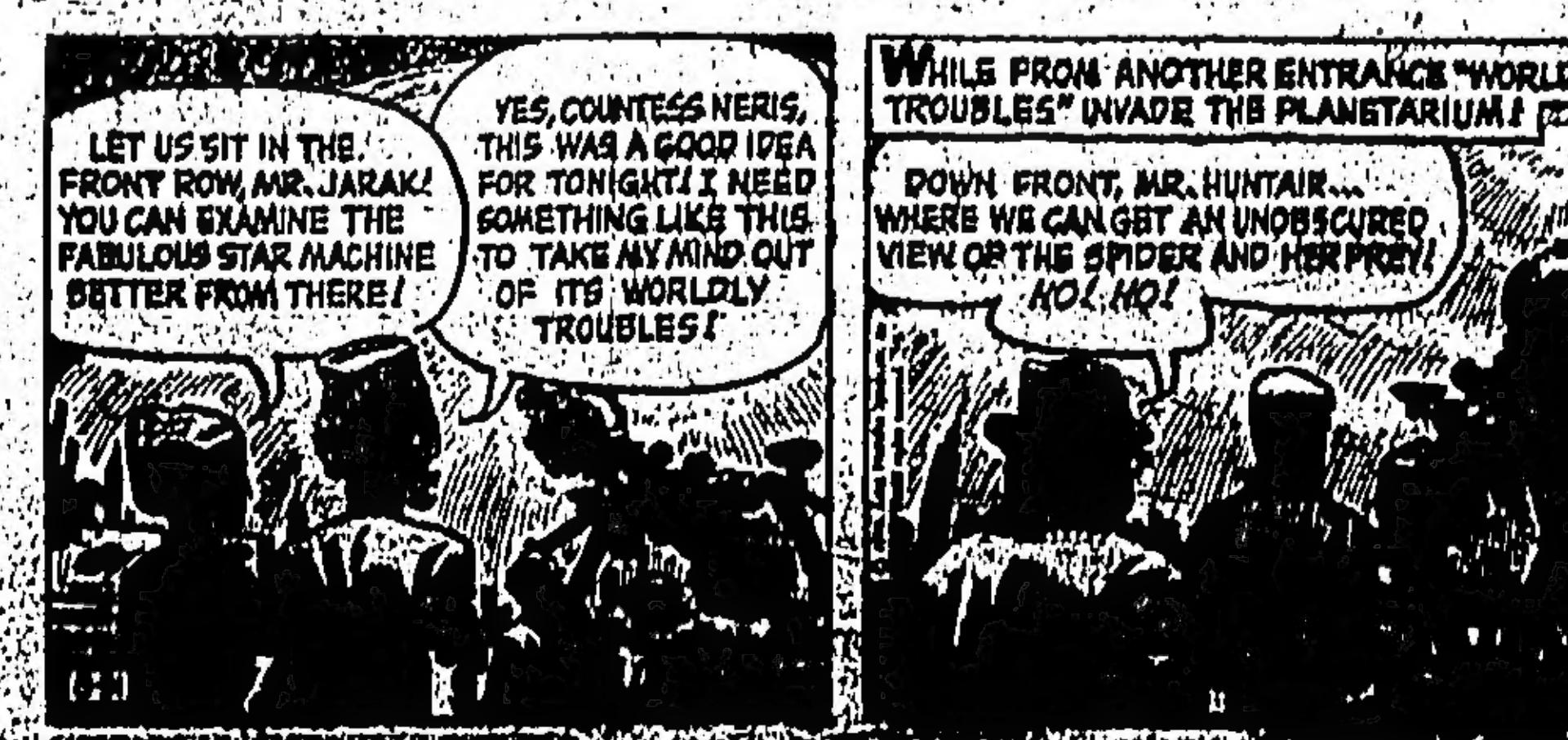
And the maker of the original "Slim Jim" (string) tie, Mr. Sidney Davis, said this: "Ties will be slimmer, and the latest slim tie is called a 'Bobtail' or 'Italian.' It's narrow with a square end."

ROCK AROUND...

A MAN who wants to brighten up the business man's life in London is Harry Smith—Hampshire a dance teacher.

He is going to hold lunchtime rock 'n' roll sessions for business men—"keep them fit," and has sent invitations to all the firms around.

## JOHNNY HAZARD

GOOD FOR BUSINESS:  
THEY DIRTY EASILY

3. You should not wear clothes of different colours.

4. It is quite correct to allow a lady to precede you down the stairs.

5. Never greet your host before removing your galoshes.

6. The hostess at a party should dress as modestly as possible.

7. It is correct for a young man to escort a lady home from a party—but first he must offer to accompany "older" people, invalids, and terriers."

\*\*\*\*\*

## RECOVERED

JUANITA FORBES, former wife of film star Anthony Steel, and one of the most beautiful models in London, is going back to work soon...

just a few months after it was feared she would never model again.

Miss Forbes was taken to hospital with pneumonia nine months ago.

Three months later she was transferred to a Sussex sanatorium.

And she was warned she might have to take life very seriously in the future.

I hear that Miss Forbes, once sought after both as a top fashion and an artist's model, is

now back again in the little terrace house in Chelsea which is her home.

(COPRIGHT)

By Frank Robbins

A BRIEF GLANCE OF RECOGNITION PASSED BETWEEN THE COUNTESSES AND EMMA ENIGMA BEFORE THE LIGHTS GO OUT!

WELCOME TO THE PLANETARIUM! WE BRING YOU TONIGHT OUR NEAREST AND MOST ROMANTIC (CHUCKLE) NEIGHBOR IN THE MOON!

...this situation calls for a

Scal Miguel

# WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## Party Dresses For Teenagers—Designed Along Two Lines



## A 'waif's' wardrobe

BY ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

HAVING a secret jealousy of little waif-like women, I don't write for them as often as I should.

But as they make a formidable host (5,000,000 women in Britain of 5ft. 2in. or less), I have buried my ill-feeling to study their fashion problems.

I have been talking to one of the best-dressed waifs in London—five-foot-two-inch Maureen Swanson, whose looks and charm are shooting her far.

Maureen Swanson soon confirmed what I had long suspected about waifs.

"I like to look romantic," she said, "but I must warn you, I'm *frightfully* competent. Don't let my little-girl-lost look take you in for a minute."

I thanked her for the warning.

### A Point To Insist On

"Apart from liking romantic clothes, I think the important thing for small women is to insist on well-proportioned clothes. Go for a good waistline and as long-legged a look as you can get."

"Skirts, for instance. Day skirts must be short to make legs look longer. And for evening all my dresses are short or ballet length. Long skirts drown me in a tidal wave."

"Then I fight to get my dresses cut long enough in the bodice. Many ready-made dresses are too short-waisted."

She told me in detail how she selects her waif's wardrobe.

**DAY CLOTHES.** "I go for anything that gives a small waist. Skirts with short sweaters. Close-fitted dresses in smooth fabrics. Or very full dresses very nipped in. I don't agree that small women can't wear full skirts. I think they give importance."

**COATS.** "I never wear them. I'd much rather freeze. Coats seem to swamp me and I prefer to suffer in a good suit."

**HATS.** "I never wear them, but this is nothing to do with my height. It's because I like lots of romantic-looking hair. If I have to wear a hat, I have it black and minute so it doesn't show."

**EVENING DRESSES.** "Always short and swathed or darter to give a beautiful waistline. For



Swathed waist, ballet length, barefoot shoes: three evening pointers for small women. Maureen Swanson (five foot two) goes dancing in a white slipper satin dress by Simonetta.

Skirt, just a stole—again, for good proportion. I don't worry about a little thing like cold arms."

**SHOES.** "Naturally, very high heels. And barefoot shoes make legs look longer. Even in the country I never wear flat shoes. I find country shoes with some sort of heel, and the country can drown me as it does."

**ACCESSORIES.** "Small, plain, and simple. I can't stand amusing accessories. Plain handbags, gloves, and perhaps just one piece of jewellery."

But having seen Miss Swanson around a lot in the last few months, I promise you they work.

### Teenage Fashions

Well, it's happened. I report good news for school girls...

One of the cleverest women in the fashion business—the blonde firework, Edith Channell—has designed a special range of clothes for girls from nine to 17.

The best bit about it is that Edith Channell has a red-headed daughter of her own, aged 16. She knows all the problems and most of the answers.

## SPORTSGIRLS GET A NEW DEAL

By HAZEL MEYRICK

UNTIL now, the girl who actually plays games instead of standing around and watching them, has had a raw deal from the fashion designers.

Having found that the silly little tennis dress which looks so sweet doesn't leave room to breathe, the gay shirt-blouse ride up and wrinkles every time she swings a golf club, the sportsgirl has had, in the past, to resort to dull but worthy garments which give her room to move around but which do nothing at all for her appearance.

A designer who has changed all this is Teddy Tingling, who makes clothes for Wimbledon tennis stars. He has now launched his own playclothes collection through a British dress manufacturer, and they are on sale all over the world.

There are good, workmanlike sports outfits, designed with an eye on current fashion, and gay playclothes as well, for the not-too-serious sports, like sunbathing and being seen on the beach.

### IT'S SECRET

For the girl who is keen on her game, Teddy Tingling has now perfected a sports outfit that, miraculously, looks well-fitting and sleek, and stays put, even when its wearer is in the midst of battle on the tennis court. The secret of its success lies in the 19 carefully placed darts which fit and flatter you in action, without spoiling the shape of the skirt. It comes in many designs and colours, and are equally good buy for the girl who just prefers to watch.

For the girl who likes to look decorative on the tennis court, and still play a good game, there is an abbreviated dress with an Empire line look about it, made in quick-drying spun Terrylene. It has its own short coat in transparent

Terrylene organza, banded with pale blue satin ribbon, to enable you to compete at tea-time, with the spectators who have merely dressed up and draped them-

silvers around the edge of the court.

Some new, tougher fabrics for sportswear are on the way. There is, for instance, an orlon and wool mixture, which makes a white pleated skirt possible for golf, which can be inundated in a lift and dries quickly without getting that yellowish tinge about it. There's a new Bedford cord fabric with a water-repellent, spot-resistant finish which doesn't mind if you finish your game in a rainstorm, and a tailoring weight cotton which looks boxfresh and refuses to crease.

### MORE COVERED-UP

Playclothes, generally, are being given new stain-resistant finishes, and a good thing too, for what's the use of the most white sundress that looks like a dream the first time you step out in it, but obstinately refuses to shed, in the wash-tub, the inevitable spoils of the beach—tar marks, sea-weed stains and drips from ice-cream cones.

The beachwear look for 1957, incidentally, tends to be more covered-up. Better than the simple sun-top which has an unpleasant habit of coming off, is the cache-coeur—a bright, abbreviated boero which is sleeveless, has a low-cut neckline to catch the maximum sunshine, and is tailored to fit you closely. The cache-coeur can be worn on its own as a sun-top, with shorts or skirt, or can be buttoned over a plain dress to give it a gay look.

It's becoming more, and more, difficult to tell the difference between pyjamas for the beach and for the bedroom, between the silly baby-doll playsuit and the frilly baby-doll nightdress. As beach clothes revert to the lingerie look, and nightwear becomes bolder, it will soon be possible to pick out beach clothes from the lingerie department and retire for the night in last year's now-length beach suit, without anyone knowing the difference.

For the girl who likes to be noticed, there's a beach outfit,

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THE great plumes of a Han Dynasty warrior (worn by Mr James Zuemin Leo) depicted "Valour" in a colourful New Year fantasy at Shatin Heights Hotel, and in the early hours of 1957 dominated the dance floor. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: At the Registry, and just married . . . Mr and Mrs William Baxter Schollerup. Mrs Schollerup was Miss Susan Merrill. (Staff Photographer)



THESE two señoritas (Lorna Wong and Barbara Chong) and their castanets were a gay part of a charity ballot display given by pupils of Miss Larissa Tesar at the Empire Theatre. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: The six elders of Kowloon Tong Church at their annual dinner. Left to right: Mrs C. W. Ho, Mrs M. W. Lee, Mr M. W. Lee, Mr C. K. Chu, the Rev John Bechtel, and Mr P. C. Kwok. (Staff Photographer)



NEW food and strange places . . . large and small ships of the U.S. Navy took aboard 500 children for turkey and plum pudding on Christmas Day. This guest brought his own chopsticks. (U.S. Navy)



AMONG the prettiest brides (and gowns) to issue from the Registry last week was the former Miss Carol Wei. She is the daughter of Mr and Mrs C. Y. Wei and is seen with her husband, Mr S. Y. Wang. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs R. A. J. L. Wragg drive off after a pretty wedding in the serviceman's Church of St Michael at Kai Tak. The bride is the former Miss Alice Wong. (Staff Photographer)



CHILDREN showed plenty signs of life on New Year's Day when several hundred of them romped through the afternoon at the Kowloon Cricket Club, gaily decorated for its 43rd Annual Children's Sports. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: The first birthday of Master Surash Moti, son of Mr Motiram A. Mahbubani, was an occasion for a gathering of relatives and friends.

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BELOW: Chinese Ex-Intaporers and Non-Chinese Ex-Intaporers crowd in a goal mouth at the floodlit Hongkong Football Club Stadium. Their friendly game, a curtain-raiser before the Governor's Cup match, ended in a 2-2 draw. (Staff Photographer)



GOVERNMENT Social Welfare Officer Mr K. Keen and Miss Dorothy Lee stood knee deep in children at a number of parties over the Christmas period. Here they are seen at the Queen Elizabeth Youth Centre, Kowloon, among some of 1,600 members of the Boys and Girls Club organisation. (Staff Photographer)

**don't get overheated!**

**Use self control!**

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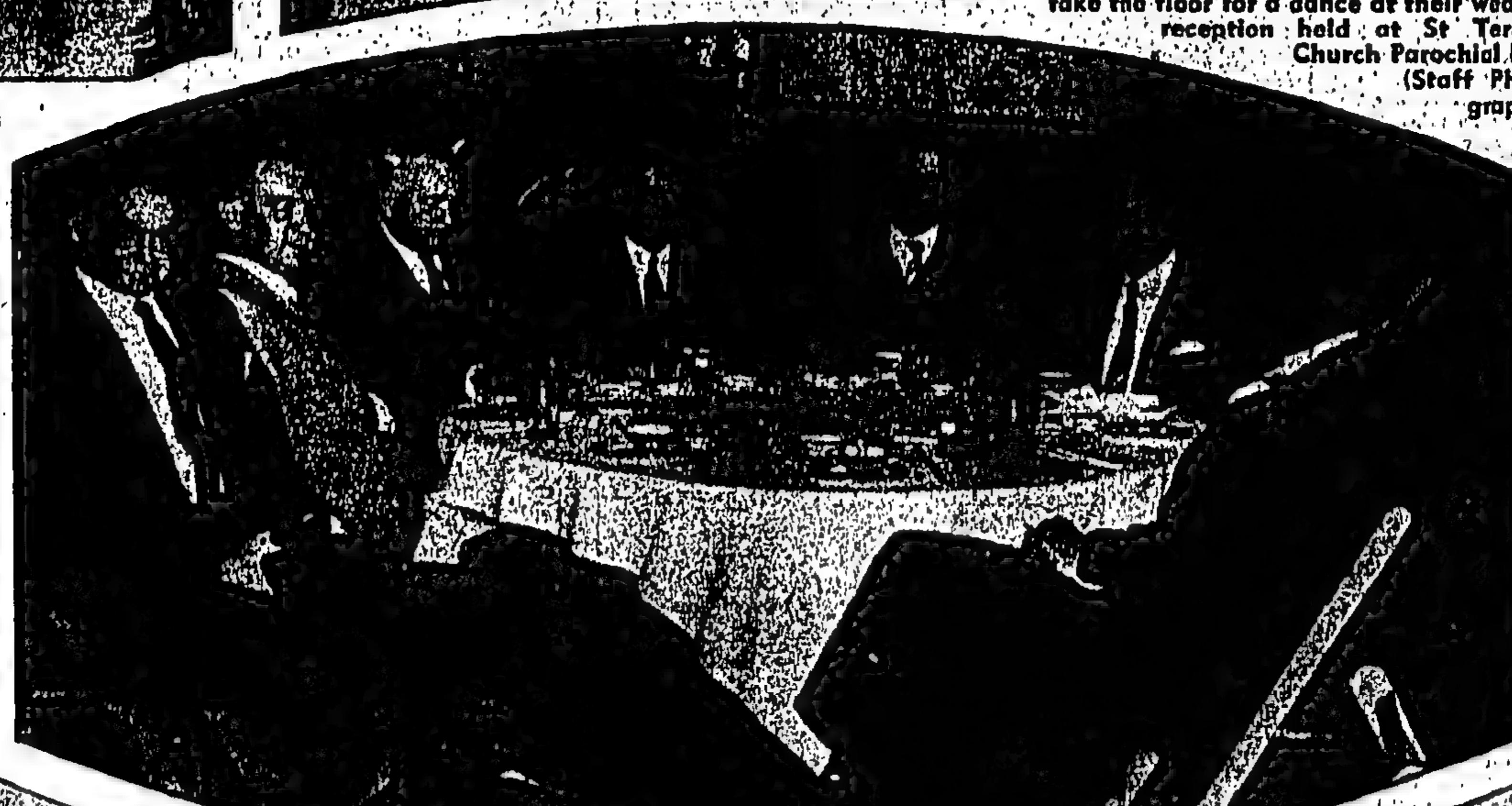
THE Kowloon Cricket Club had one of the largest crowds over for its New Year's Eve dance. Picture shows the party at the table of the Club President, Mr R. E. Leo. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mr. Julio Manuel Pereira and his bride, formerly Miss Rita Maria da Rosa, take the floor for a dance at their wedding reception held at St. Teresa's Church Parochial Hall. (Staff Photographer)



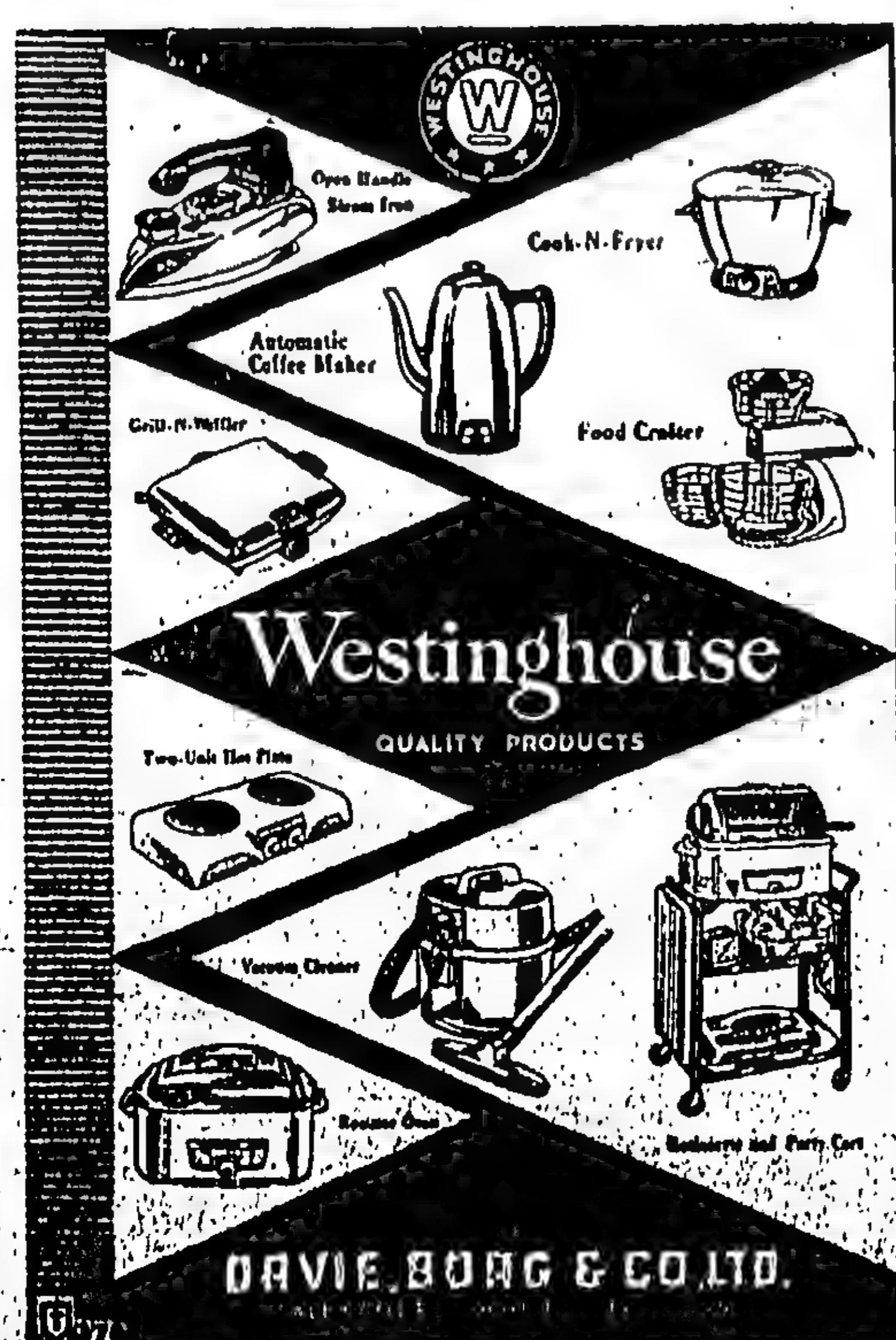
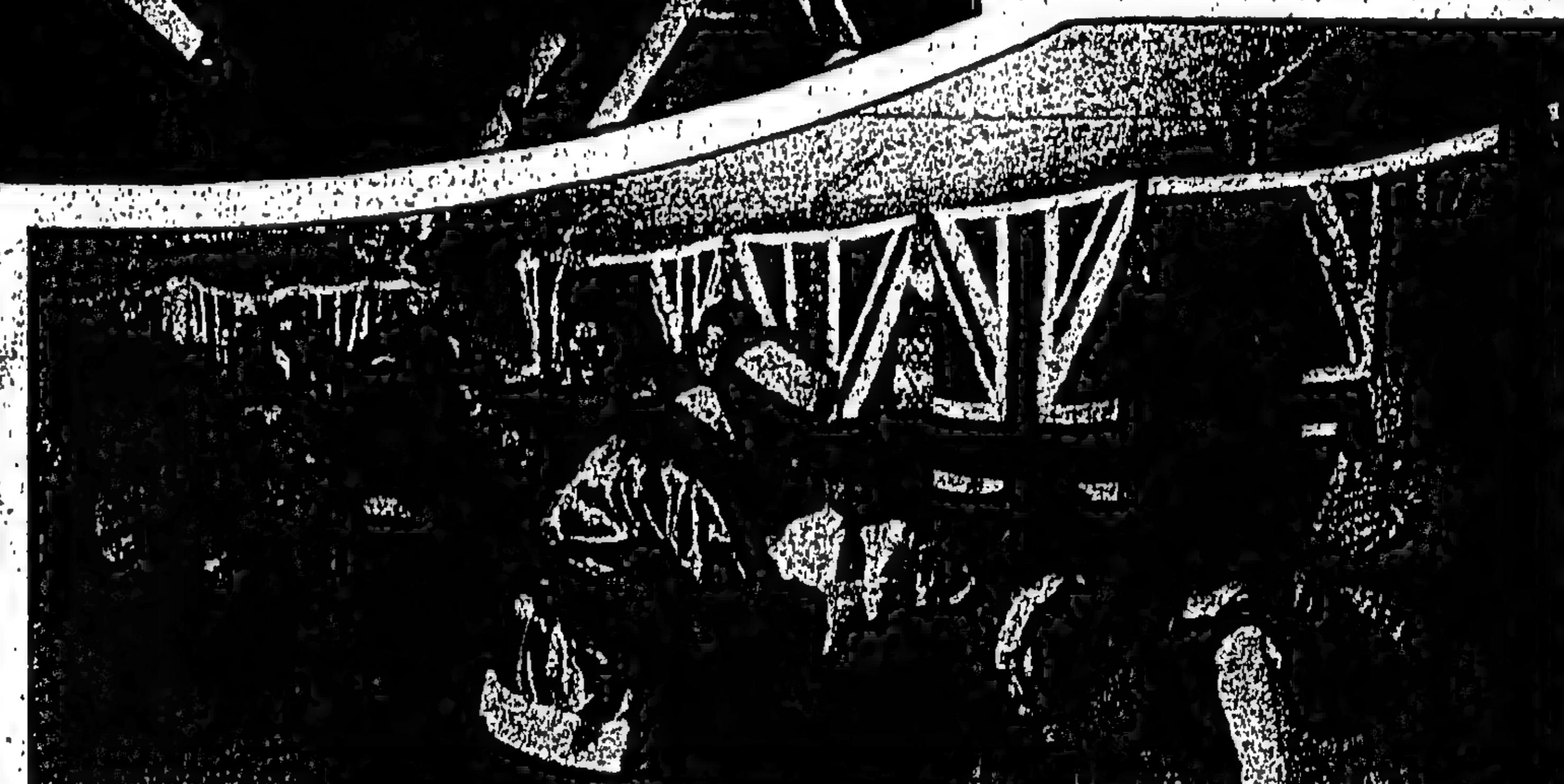
MR. T. Pilkington (right), President of the Vespa Club, with Mr. F. M. Ribeiro (center) and Mr. E. J. Chaland at the Club's dinner dance held last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: The Junior Chamber of Commerce annual party at Winner House. Picture shows, from left: Mrs Francis J. Chan, Mr. A. do O. Salas (Jaycees World President), Mr. Y. C. Hui (President, Hongkong Chapter), Mrs. Salas and Mr. Francis J. Chan. (Staff Photographer)



MR. Chan Hung-man (right), winner of the annual road race in Kowloon on New Year's Day, congratulated by Mr. Au Chung-hon, who came second. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Children from the Portland Street Centre of the SPC were last week guests of the NCO's and airmen of the RAF at a Christmas party. Here Sgt. D. Barracloosh, shows the kiddies how to make their toy planes go. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: By defeating a combined Royal Navy-RAF side last Sunday, Hongkong Cricket Club won the annual triangular cricket tournament. Picture is of those who took part. (Staff Photographer)



FATHER CHRISTMAS is helped by a Civil Aid Services warden as he goes round distributing toys and gifts to the CAS children's party held at the Kowloon Training Centre. (Staff Photographer)

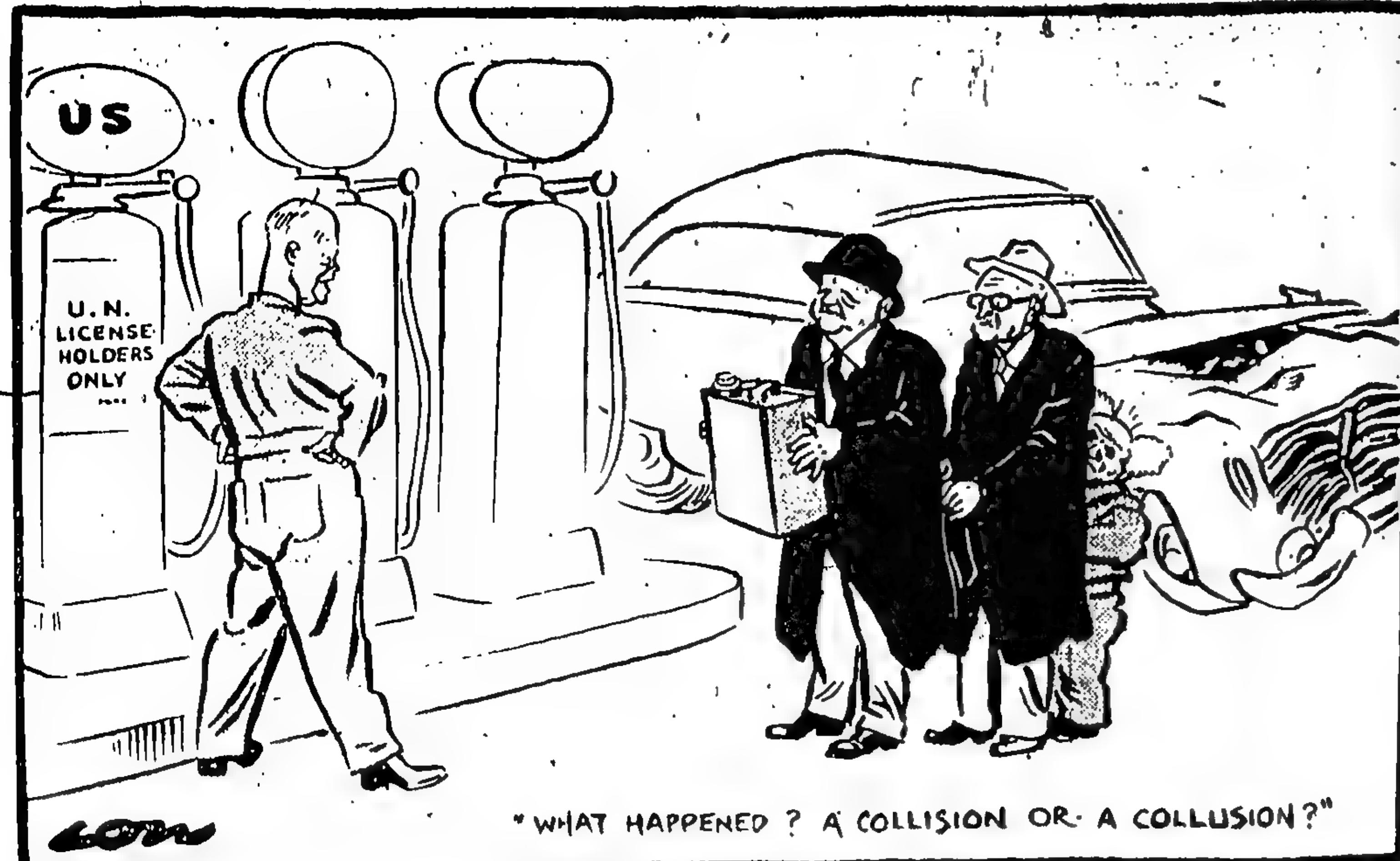
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CUT AND MADE IN THE BEST  
TRADITIONS OF BRITISH TAILORING,  
REASONABLY PRICED, WITH SPORT  
JACKETS from ..... \$195.00  
and  
WINTER SUITS from ..... \$375.00

SAXONY  
CHEVIOT  
WORSTED  
CASHMERE  
WEST OF ENGLAND

TAILORING DEPARTMENT IS ON THE  
MEZZANINE FLOOR.

MACKINTOSH'S  
ALEXANDRA HOUSE  
DE VOUX ROAD





PETROL PROSPECTS

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## THE BLINDED JOURNALIST FIGHTS BACK

VICTOR REISEL, who lost his sight in a vicious acid attack by America's new gangsters, says: 'I carry on with my campaign not because I am a hero—but because I am a newspaperman. This is my beat and I have to work on it...'

By ALAN BREIN

"Meet me in the Plaza Hotel lobby," said the tense confidential voice on the telephone. "I am a little guy with dark glasses. And I shall have with me two very big guys. Make sure you come in by the southern entrance and sit on the ottoman between the Persian Room and the ladies room. Perhaps you'd better bring some proof of your identity with you."

## REAL LIFE

It sounded like the opening paragraph of a Mickey Spillane thriller. But this was real life in New York now. And I was stepping momentarily into the

middle of a true crime story which for brutality, drama, and ruthlessness cannot be equalled by any Hollywood pedlar of nightmares.

My date was with Victor Reisel, who carries a gallon of 100-per-cent-proof courage in his pint-size body. America's most famous labour columnist, Reisel has fought for 23 years to expose within the unions the twin underworlds of crime and Communism. Eventually the gangsters struck back in their traditional and evil way. Early one morning, as he left Lindy's restaurant on Broadway, he idly noted a lounge mooshing around. "Hey," said the man and threw something straight into Reisel's face.

It was a bottle of acid and the columnist sank to his knees, tortured by "the sharpest, most painful burning I ever felt."

## IN AGONY

It is typical of Reisel that, as the ghastly fluid etched indelible tear stains down his face, he should shout in agony: "I'm hit by acid. I won't be able to read."

That was eight months ago and since that day Victor Reisel has been blind. But his fight goes on. And he remains the closely guarded key witness in the case against Johnny Dio, alleged master-mind, behind the attack.

I followed his telephoned instructions to the last detail. Reisel was 15 minutes late and his huge companions, in bulging suits with swollen armpits, were obviously armed members of New York's detective bureau. Despite his blindness, 41-year-old Reisel led me confidently from the busy Plaza lobby through the crowded tea-room along a mirrored corridor and down some steep steps into a deserted basement where we could talk in privacy and safety. The police stood on guard at each entrance.

## HE GRINNED

Reisel sat down carefully on a sofa. He smoothed back his thin dark hair, straightened his tie, and dusted down his sleeves and trousers with tidy hands. He grinned. "Ask me what you want. I'll answer if I can."

And this is what Reisel had to say about American gangsters: "The new mobsters are in industry and regard themselves as businessmen with guns. They sell industrial peace at a price. They shift picket lines for a percentage of profits. They buy off the law for a dividend. It is a racket endemic to America."

"Control of a union is worth a fortune. They can use the rank and file as a private army and loot the funds to pay their lieutenants. And it is the union members who are most guilty. They are disciplined only for strikes and not for self-government."

About union prosperity: "When your Hugh Gaitskell came here last May at the invitation of the Garment Workers' Union he travelled tourist. He thought they could not afford to pay first class fares. In fact, they have funds of a hundred million. And I mean pounds not dollars. A regional organiser here gets more than your top union leader in England."

## ATTUNED

I had silently taken out a cigarette while he talked. But his ears were now exquisitely attuned to his blindness and he whipped out a lighter and lit it, a gesture exactly on its tip. He went on to talk about the advantages of being a journalist without eyes.

"On TV I now ad lib all my comments, as I never dared do before. I am the only commentator on a national network who has unfrozen me a little."

## A STRANGER

"When I lecture now I cannot see the yawns or the sour faces and I don't give a damn about what people think of me and more."

"Without bravado I must insist that nothing has really always been a blind man. And I carry on with my campaign not because I am a hero—but because I am a newspaperman. This is my beat and I have to work on it."

The trumps in "Aida" cannot alter that truth, no matter how loudly they bray.

Never would do well to look back upon the story of Egypt and recall that British protection and British investment gave the people a chance to develop within the horror of exploitation and money-lenders, and cleaned up corruption in all directions.

The great Lord Kitchener went there and stayed from 1914 to the outbreak of war in 1914. During his time he laid the foundation of an Egyptian Parliament, protected the people from exploitation and money-lenders, and cleaned up corruption in all directions.

Now let us try to assess the benefits that came to Egypt under the suzerainty of Great Britain. And we find that

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# VERDI MUST SHARE THE BLAME FOR NASSER'S DELUSION

—SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER MP—  
debunks the legend of Egypt's greatness

London  
IT was in the year 1924 when a messenger came to my office at the Daily Express and said that Lady Drummond Hay was in the waiting room and wanted to see me urgently. Adjusting my tie I told him to show her in.

She was a pretty woman with Eastern eyes and black eyelashes, an inch long. In fact she was a perfect example of *la femme fatale*. Mystery surrounded her like a cloak.

In a deep and attractive voice she told me what I already knew—that Zagoul Pasha, the Prime Minister of Egypt, was in London demanding concessions that the British Government could not make.

"There will be assassinations in Egypt when he returns," she said. "I am a good writer and I will go there for you to cover the news."

It was a gamble but probably worth it, so I drew some money from her from the cashier—and off she went. Those were the days before airplanes hopped across oceans as if they were pools.

**KILLED**  
ABOUT three days after her arrival in Egypt it was announced that the London discussions with Zagoul Pasha had broken down. Then came a flash from Cairo. Sir Lee Stack, the British Sirdar in Egypt, had been assassinated.

It was an enormous story, and while the London newspaper correspondents were sailing painfully to Egypt Lady Drummond Hay cabled the Daily Express the whole story day by day in very good journalese. In fact, it was one of the biggest scoops for many years.

Ramsay Macdonald was Prime Minister at the time, and we wondered how he would deal with the crisis. Actually he handled the matter with unusual firmness. There had been previous attempts of assassination against British officials, and Macdonald demanded reparations and a public demonstration of remorse from the Egyptians. The Egyptians were enraged by

in a vivid imagination and no mean intellect.

Both Shakespeare and Shaw immortalised Cleopatra in plays that will be remembered for ever. No wonder her name is held in pride by the moderns of the Nile. You will remember that the great Anthony was so enamoured of her beauty and her mind that he invaded Egypt so that he could come to grips with the ravishing young queen.

Verdi must share some of the blame. When he wrote the Opera "Aida" to commemorate the opening of the Suez Canal, the trumpets of the Grand March went straight to Egypt's head. From that to the legend of greatness, power and glory in the far off years was an inevitable development.

**FAILURE**  
AGAIN and again President Nasser has been hailed as a patriot who risked the anger of the Western world to bring back some of the glory and splendour of his ancient country.

It is always a cruel thing to debunk a legend, but the truth is that Egypt, despite her ancient lineage, was never a truly great nation at any time in her history. In fact, her story is one of constant failure to achieve real eminence, despite passing periods of glory.

It may be that because Egypt suffered from the constant invasions of stronger powers even in the centuries before Christ she was not able to achieve power among the nations.

**INVADERS**  
HER people were intelligent enough, for as every schoolboy knows (or ought to know) it was the Egyptians who invented the solar calendar way back in 46 B.C. In fact the calendar was universally accepted; with adjustments, throughout the world.

It is not necessarily to their discredit that the Egyptians have never been a warlike race. They were always being invaded and occupied. Yet they did produce a great queen in Cleopatra, whose physical charms were enameled by

something out of it, and in due time—it was the year 20 BC—a bunch of Roman tax collectors turned on to collect money from the conquered.

Did the Egyptians welcome them with open arms and an understanding mind? They did not. Instead, they staged a rebellion. Needless to say, the rebellion was crushed cruelly and speedily.

But the Emperor Augustus was a good fellow at heart, and he decided to develop Egypt for the Egyptians. He repaired and deepened irrigation canals, thus fertilising the soil and bringing much derelict land under cultivation.

## EVACUUM

**THE TRUTH IS THAT THE ROMANS WERE A HIGHLY CIVILISED RACE** and accepted the responsibility of the conqueror. Wherever they went—and that included Britain—they gave much more than they took. I am sorry to report that the Britons were just as ungrateful as the Egyptians although the Romans built roads and gave civilisation to the unknown from Land's End to John O'Groats.

But Egypt's troubles were not over when the Romans decided that they had had enough. The Arabs, realising that nature abhors a vacuum, invaded Egypt and, with the collaboration of the native population, beat them up in no time.

And now, if your patience is not exhausted, we shall come down to more recent times.

It was in 1882 that Great Britain, having inherited the mantle of authority from Rome, occupied Egypt. Personally I prefer the word "occupied" to "conquered."

## PROTECTION

**AND WHAT DID THE BRITONS DO?** They did as they always did. They reformed taxation, scaled down the rates of interest which were unfair, created courts of justice, and proceeded to give the Egyptians security from invasion.

The great Lord Kitchener went there and stayed from 1914 to the outbreak of war in 1914. During his time he laid the foundation of an Egyptian Parliament, protected the people from exploitation and money-lenders, and cleaned up corruption in all directions.

Now let us try to assess the benefits that came to Egypt under the suzerainty of Great Britain. And we find that

Now was the time for Egypt to demand the breaking of the treaty which maintained British forces at Suez to guard the Canal. Under immense pressure from America we evacuated the Zone and transferred our troops to Cyprus, with all the tragedy that it entailed.

The rest of the story you know all too well. Eden's adventure or misadventure is not an isolated action but is part of the Egyptian saga, which is almost as old as time itself.

**RUSSIA**  
THE WHOLE HISTORY OF EGYPT proclaims that she was not fitted to play the dominant role in the Middle East. With the British withdrawal there was a vacuum which Russia decided to fill—not openly or all at once, but with growing strength.

The rest of the story you know all too well. Eden's adventure or misadventure is not an isolated action but is part of the Egyptian saga, which is almost as old as time itself.

It is to the credit of the Egyptians that despite defeat and occupation throughout the centuries they took of the splendour of ancient times. Yet the truth is that until Britain was a nation that endured defeat and occupation through the centuries, not necessarily from without, but because she lacked the strength and purpose to defend herself.

The trumps in "Aida" cannot alter that truth, no matter how loudly they bray.

Never would do well to look back upon the story of Egypt and recall that British protection and British investment gave the people a chance to develop within the horror of exploitation and money-lenders, and cleaned up corruption in all directions.

Now let us try to assess the benefits that came to Egypt under the suzerainty of Great Britain. And we find that

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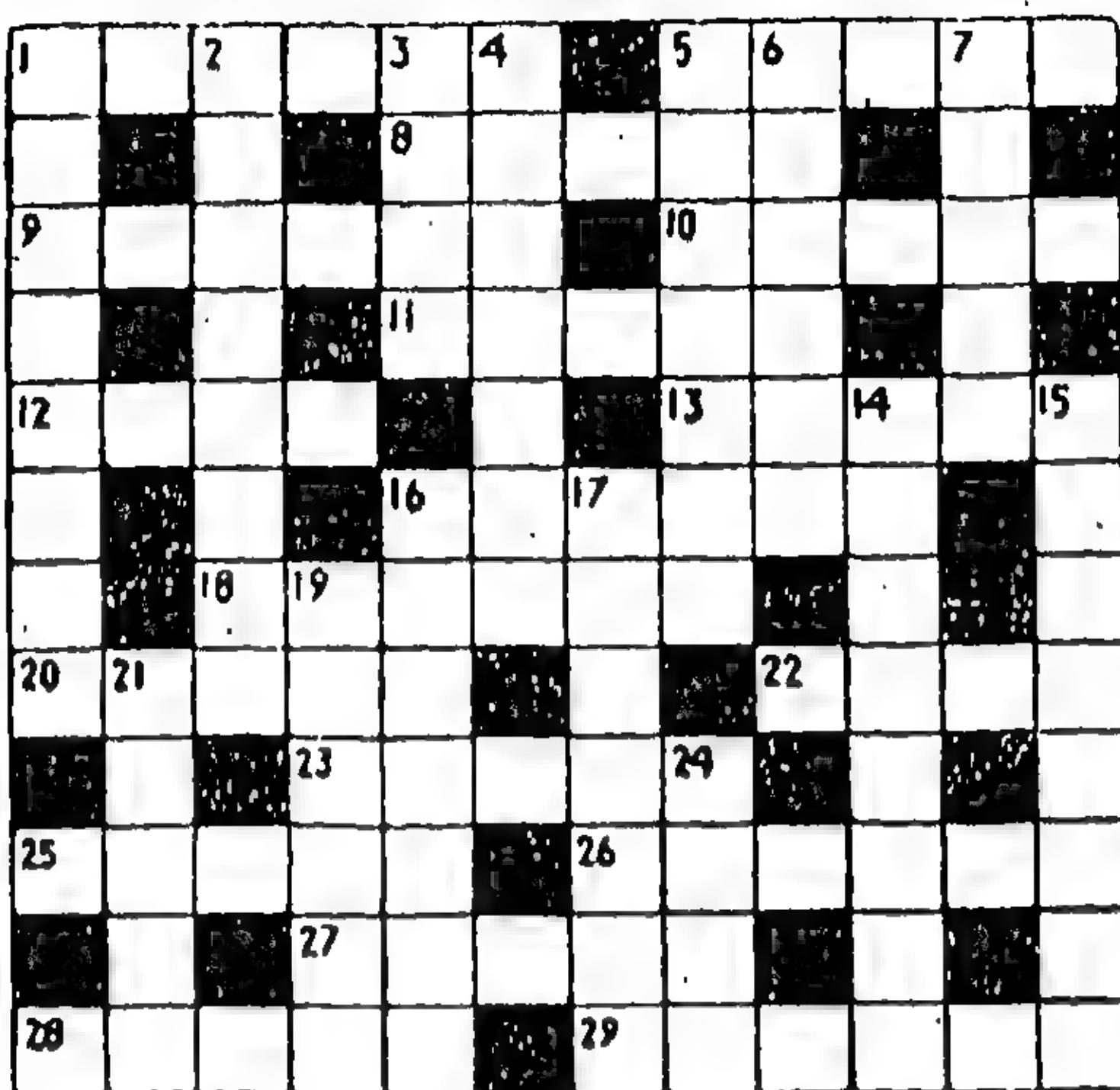
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"I suppose you're having to send all the No. 11's round by the Cape!"

## A British Crossword Puzzle



### Across

- 1. Fowl (6)
- 5. Discounts (5)
- 8. Extreme terror (5)
- 9. Bridge panel sketch (6)
- 10. Clean (5)
- 11. Bet part (5)
- 12. Always (4)
- 13. Trials (5)
- 14. 19 confine (6)
- 18. Avoids (6)
- 20. American top (5)
- 22. Primadonna (4)
- 23. Rascal (5)
- 25. That's your lot (5)
- 26. Two ran away (4)
- 27. Make exultant (5)
- 28. Stupid people (5)
- 29. John of mutton - not horse (6)

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1. Pervil. 5. Sunge. 8. Brew. 9. Specie. 11. Award. 12. Durnal. 14. Peat. 16. Opera. 18. Short. 19. River. 20. Future. 24. Ries. 25. Ideals. 26. Tire. 27. Starts. 28. Eagles. Down: 1. Pest. 2. Reed. 3. Bird. 4. Tremer. 5. Swallow. 6. Mariner. 7. Blunders. 10. Olden. 12. Export. 14. Popular. 15. Attends. 17. Pense. 19. Entire. 21. Idea. 22. Earl. 23. Arms.

# MR LOSS WINS IN THE LONG RUN

**I**N Denmark Street, a London thoroughfare that is paved with sour grapes, you can hear them say in their curious lan-

guage: "We just don't dig it, Man."

What they do not dig (or understand), Man, is the fact that here we are in 1957 and there is Joe Loss, the boy from the East End and now resident in the Regent's Park area, still at the top in the band business.

After 26 years,

A penurious saxophonist, in a lapelless sports coat, says, "Why, the man is positively tragic. Only last week I heard him play 'Knees Up Mother Brown' in a dance hall."

### Hard way up

AN opulent Joe Loss, in a 45-piece suit (with lapels), says: "What's wrong with 'Knees Up Mother Brown'? The public still like it! Oh, I give them rock 'n' roll when the occasion demands, but if the public like the old ones why shouldn't they get them?"

"You can get too clever in this business. Like playing music only professional musicians and university jazz clubs can understand."

All this Joe Loss says while still holding on to the gel that has not left his face in 20 years as a band leader.

In that time not one grey hair has managed to creep through his tangle-mouth, high-gloss black hair.

In a business that is as precarious as a French Cabinet appointment, Joe Loss came up the hard "way-up" by the shortest available route.

At seven he was practising the violin in the hope of becoming another Kreisler. At 15 he was playing background music to silent films.

By 1930 he was leading his own band in a London dance hall.

As a recording artist he worries little over the fact that

his gramophone records are not nudging the temporary greats like Elvis Presley in the Hit Parade.

In his North Gate, Regent's Park, home, he looks up at two Carl-Alan trophies (the Oscar of the dance band leaders' world) and says: "I take my time, but I do all right."

"My records may take a little longer than Presley's to sell, but I get there just the same in the end. I recorded 'In The Mood' alone 20 years ago, and I reckon that by now it's sold two million records."

During the three months in the year that Joe Loss spends in the precincts of his home you might find him relaxing with his family. With Mrs Mildred Loss as their audience, Joe Loss will play the violin, 16-year-old Jennifer Loss will play the piano, 14-year-old David Loss will play the clarinet.

After 26 years,

...

### RECORD ROUND

by RAMSDEN GREIG



JOE LOSS

The public likes the old ones.

Play it while the lights are low. I particularly enjoy what Annabella Macaulay Allan Short, from Mitcham, Surrey, does to "Gipsy in My Soul." "Love Party," "Don't Worry Bout Me and Don't Let The Sun Catch You Crying."

### These I like

Humph swines out (Parlophone 33), Jazz from Humphrey Lyttelton Band. Six tracks to choose from, with "That's My Home," the best of them.

# Nancy Spain

## ON THE NEW BOOKS

# A CULINARY ORGY ROUND THE WORLD



NANCOWITZ

PUBLIC FIGURE, NOW

November 7, 1924, in Whitechapel, London, when an embarrassing resemblance was noticed to the infant Yehudi. A Pearly Queen standing by cried: "He may not be Menulkin but, boy, can he fiddle...."

Wolf who wears suede zipping wind-cheaters, is a poet who likes to eat and sleep and hates competitive games like Show Business. He is a family man, suddenly wants to do things like buy boats, country houses, and sheep.

He was once a miner, studied with Dr Lewis in Cambridge, says he is unemployable. "People who are short of time," he says, "are those who work for other people; as soon as you sell your time you are trying to steal it back."

He is relaxed, gentle, happy, and gives his Mum the first money he made, which was 10s. 6d. for a poem. Also, he is one of my friends. He wrote "A Kid for Two Farthings" and "My Old Man's a Dustman."

### Investment

TALKING of conventional, have you ever heard of Wolf Mankowitz, whose great zoological collection, "THE ABC OF SHOW BUSINESS" (Oldbourne Press, 8s. 6d.), is at present hypnotising the television audiences?

In London Wolf has now reached the status of a Public Figure (in between Buckingham Palace and Parliament).

His book has some wonderful potted biographies of people like Coward and Orson Welles and Prince Little.

It also has a nerve-racked little piece by Peter Ustinov that attempts to sum up Wolf himself. It is calculated (I think) to bewilder anyone who does not breathe the rarefied air of London's West End.

So in all humility I submit my entry to "The ABC of Show Business" on the subject of Mankowitz, Wolf.

The fact is that Mankowitz and Wolf are two distinct people, split down the middle in the new fashionable mixed-up manner. They both weigh 10st. 6d. and they were both born on

## FICTION SHELF

By Philip Oakes

**THE GINGER MAN.** By J. P. Donleavy. Spearman, 75s.

PLOTLESS, picturesque story of an over-sexed American, supposedly studying in Dublin on funds provided by the GI Bill of Rights. Originally published in Paris, and lightly censored for the English edition, it displays a ringing, randy talent that applies itself a little too determinedly to the facts of love life. Brilliantly comic writing, but decidedly gamy for gentle tastes.

**THE REST IS SILENCE.** By Eric Verissimo. Arco, 75s.

A SEVEN-DECKER sandwich about five men, a woman and a boy whose lives are affected by the suicide of a shop-girl, who jumps to death from a skyscraper in Brazil. Incidentally impressive on the theme of the responsibilities of a society, but too untidy to make the message clear.

**THE MYSTIC FINGER SYMBOL.** By Verónica De Osma Hale, 7s. 6d.

FICTIONAL biography of El Greco, the painter from Crete who found fame in the Spanish court. Most detailed and conscientious, with notes on painters and paintings that slow the narrative but add considerable depth to the portrait of the artist.

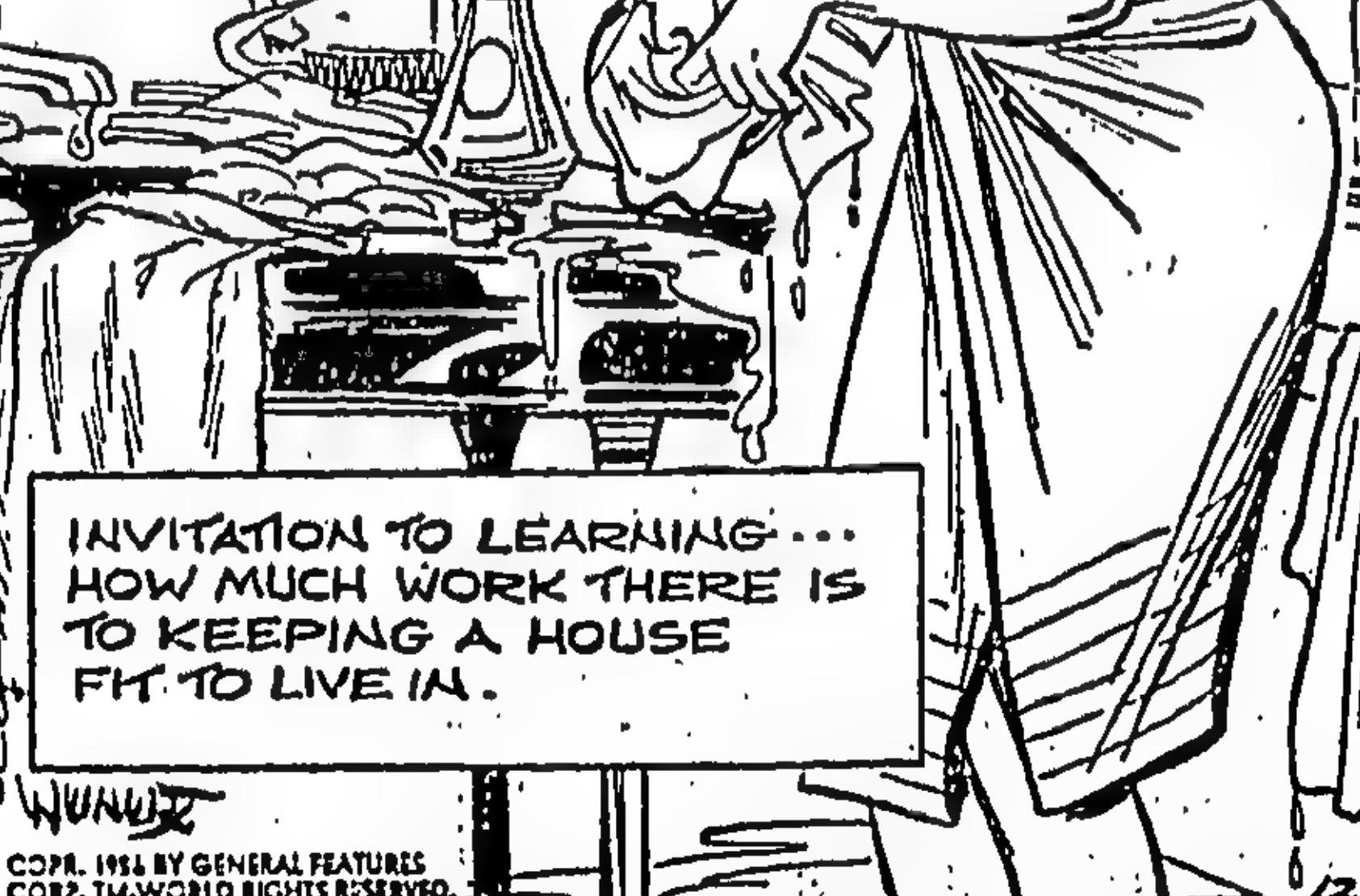
**WIGGERY, POKEY.** By Hastings Draper. Allen, 7s. 6d.

A SHAGGY BARRISTER story about the struggles of a young lawyer, who finds trouble both in and out of court. More good-humour than wit, but genuinely funny here and there. Likely to appeal to readers who fancy a blend of the Law Report and Doctor in the House.

**THE SEARCHING LIGHT.** By Martha Dodd. Calder, 7s.

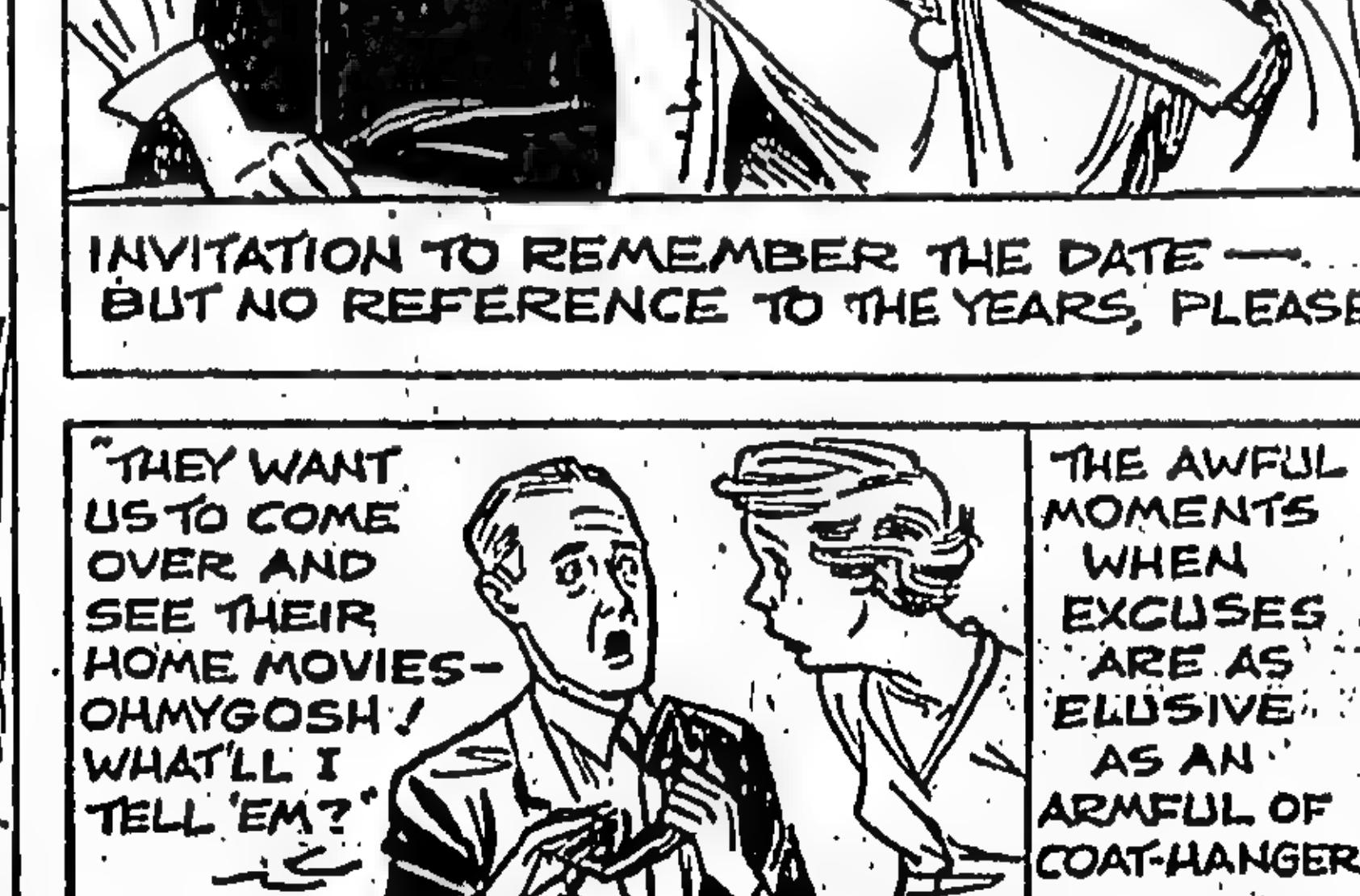
A FAIRLY dim glow cast on an American university caught in the political fire of the witch-hunts. Chief protagonist is Professor John Miller, student of Milton and homoepic intellectual, whose colleagues play him off against each other. Well written and intelligently plotted, but not a great achievement.

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE



## Invitations

BY HARRY WEINERT



## Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

## "Hancock's Half Hour" Returns To The Air

After an absence of a year, the lad 'imself is back. At 9.15 tonight Tony Hancock will be appearing in the first of a new series of thirteen programmes. Based on the life of the lad 'imself from the files of the Police Gazette, Hancock's Half Hour is written and adapted from "The Junior Goldfish Keepers Weekly" by Ray Galton and Alan Simpson.

The Hancock Theme and other incidental music is composed by Wally Stott and played by the BBC Augmented Revue Orchestra, conducted by Harry Rabinowitz.

There are two newcomers in this series. Tony has a new girl-friend, Andree Melly, who began her stage career with the Liverpool Repertory Company in 1949. Bill Kerr ("the man from Wagga Wagga") and Sidney James, familiar to cinema-goers for his crook parts, are joined by Kenneth Williams, a versatile character actor who graduated to the London stage through the ranks of the Royal Engineers and repertory.

Ruth Draper — The news of Ruth Draper's death while she was appearing in her "One Woman Theatre" on Broadway last week must have saddened many who have been entertained by her brilliant talent in peopling a stage with imaginary characters of many different nationalities.

A tribute to this great artist, Radio Hongkong is presenting Ruth Draper in "The Italian Lesson," one of her best known sketches, this evening in "Show Time" at 9.15.

Wednesday — Theatre this week, at 9.15 p.m., features a repeat broadcast of the satire "Encounter in the Balkan Express," a thrilling story of intrigue, forgeries and espionage, written by Wolfgang Hildesheimer and translated by Harvey Uman. The play was performed by the Hongkong Stage Club, and produced by Timothy Birch.

Jack Arnfield Bindon, an artist at present in the Colony, will be talking about "The Maori People of New Zealand" on Tuesday evening at 7.45. Mr. Bindon has spent some time studying this interesting race and their arts and customs, and he illustrates his talk with recordings of Maori music and song.

Music — On Monday, at 9.30 p.m., Fred King is giving a piano recital of music by Beethoven, Brahms and Chopin. This gifted young pianist has given many public concerts in the Colony and on Radio Hongkong, and hopes to continue his music studies in Italy this spring.

Association Football — John Wallace will once again be giving a commentary of the week-end matches from the Club ground. Today he will be on the air at 4.30 for the St. Joseph's versus Kitchens match, and tomorrow (Sunday) at the same time for the Army versus KMB match.

"Beginners Please" — The second show in the new series of "Beginners Please" will be broadcast from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong at 8 o'clock on Thursday evening. The producer, Hilary Green, invites anyone with talent in singing, music, monologues, etc., to write to her at Radio Hongkong if they are interested in taking part in one of the shows.

On Wednesday evening, Sir Alexander Grahame GCMG, opens the new Council Chamber for the Legislative Council in the Colonial Secretariat. A report on the afternoon ceremony, and a description of the Chamber, can be heard at nine minutes past nine on Wednesday evening.

On Sunday, the Colony will be holding its Civil Defence Exercise, and this evening at 7.15 p.m. the Hon. C. E. Terry, OBE, will speak about the Exercise on Radio Hongkong.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 800 kilocycles per second).

## Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
12.33 POPULAR HARMONY.  
12.36 TIME SIGNAL.  
LES PAUL AND MARY FORD.  
12.35 WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
12.36 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.  
12.39 "JUST FOR YOU." Presented by Sherry Crook.  
12.40 A LIFE OF BLISS! Written by Godfrey Harrison. Produced by Leslie Bridgeman.  
12.40 FORCES' CHOICE. Presented by Frank Britton.  
12.40 HIGH SOCIETY. Songs from the film (Cole Porter, Hartigan, Gershwin, Gershwin and Frank Sinatra). High Society Calypso—Louis Armstrong and his Band; Little One—Elton John; Who wants to be a Millionaire—Elton John; True Love—Elton John; and Grace Kelly—Elton John. From Germany—Elton John.

## Sunday

10.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
10.15 MORNING MELODY. Presented by Jeremy Noble.

## Ferd'nand



## Monday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.  
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.  
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.  
7.20 TOP OF THE MORNING.  
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.  
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND NEWS.  
8.10 DIARY FOR TODAY.  
8.15 MUSIC FROM LATIN AMERICA.  
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.  
  
12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
12.33 DOUBLE ATTRACTION. "Fats" Waller and his Crackers.  
12.36 RAY MARTIN AND HIS ORCHESTRA.  
12.40 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
12.45 HOLLYWOOD DOWNS SYMPHONY ORCH. Conducted by Leonard Pennario (Piano).  
12.50 WEATHER REPORT.  
12.55 TIME SIGNAL.  
12.58 RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY) (RECORDED).  
12.58 GOODNIGHT MUSIC.  
12.59 CLASSICAL REQUESTS. Presented by Ernest Becket. Sonata in D minor for two pianos (Mozart, K. 448); Romance No. 2 in F major, Op. 50 (Beethoven).  
12.59 TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.  
12.59 NEWS SUMMARY.  
12.59 TOP OF THE MORNING.  
12.59 WEATHER REPORT.  
12.59 TIME SIGNAL AND NEWS.  
12.59 STAGE AND SCREEN.  
12.59 CLOSE DOWN.

## Tuesday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.  
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.  
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.  
7.20 TOP OF THE MORNING.  
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.  
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND NEWS.  
8.10 DIARY FOR TODAY.  
8.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR.  
9.00 TIME SIGNAL AND NEWS.  
9.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR.  
9.20 CLOSE DOWN.

## Wednesday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.  
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.  
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.  
7.20 TOP OF THE MORNING.  
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.  
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND NEWS.  
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.  
9.00 TIME SIGNAL AND NEWS.  
9.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR.  
9.20 CLOSE DOWN.

## By Mik

6.30 p.m. to 12.15 a.m. on 26.750 Mc/s, 11.65 Mc/s, 15.070 Mc/s, 19.91 Mc/s and 21.550 Mc/s, 13.92 Mc/s

SATURDAY, JAN. 5

6.30 p.m. THE AL READ SHOW.  
7.00 THE NEWS.  
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.  
7.25 REPORT FROM THE COUNTRY.

7.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES. FROM THE WEEKENDER.

7.30 I CAN HEAR YOU. Can you answer listeners' questions and talk about some practical problems of life in Britain today.

7.30 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE. LISTENERS' CHOICE.

7.30 RAY'S A LAUGH. RAY'S A LAUGH (records).

7.30 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. Between 11 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. it is hoped to broadcast a commentary on the second half of one of the Third Round Football Association Cup Matches.

SUNDAY, JAN. 6.

6.30 p.m. EPICANY CAROL SERVICE. From Wakefield Cathedral. Conducted by the Provost, the Very Rev. Noel Hopkins.

7.00 THE NEWS. 7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.

7.20 REPORT FROM THE COUNTRY.

7.30 THE GRENADIER GUARDS. ENGLISH MAGAZINE.

7.30 A PARADE. FROM LONDON.

7.30 THE COOKING POST. LONDON.

MONDAY, JAN. 7.

7.00 THE NEWS. 7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.

7.20 THE GRENADIER GUARDS. ENGLISH MAGAZINE.

7.20 A PARADE. FROM LONDON.

7.30 THE NEWS. 7.30 EDUCATING ARCHIE.

7.30 COUGH ISLAND. SOUTH ATLANTIC.



## WORLD OF SPORTS

# Sponge Is Very Bad For Table Tennis, Says Ferenc Sido

By DEREK JOHN

Have you ever played a violin with a rubber bow? The effect, according to Ferenc Sido, is about the same as playing table tennis with a sponge bat.

Sido, Hungary's 33-year-old No. 1 player who shares with Victor Barna, also Hungarian-born, the honour of being the only player to win the Triple Crown at the World Championships, the singles, doubles and mixed doubles in 1953, is in England with Hungarian teammates László Földi and Eva Kozelán.

Sido was quick to criticize the sponge when we met at the finals of an English tournament, and speaking in German, he told me, "Sponge is very bad for table tennis. It makes bad matches."

One argument in favour of sponge was that it would help to do away with time limit matches. But, says Sido, the time limit remains, for there are just a many "cheats" with sponge as with ordinary rubber.

At least one point in the sponge controversy seems to be universally accepted. That is that only players who cannot play against it adopt sponge. But, says Sido, the Czech star is a civil clerk with the Hungarian Police, Eva Kozelán, a factory statistician, 20.

All three are training for their Continental tour which takes them to Holland from January 10 to 29, Germany until February 8, and then on to the Belgian "Open" and French "Open." For the two last-named events the team will be reinforced from Budapest and the complete team goes on to Stockholm for the World Championships in March.

The Czech will return to England for the English "Open" at Wembley in April.

## HUNGARIAN ACE

The Hungarian ace would not be drawn into a political discussion. When asked whether the presence at home of relatives had anything to do with his and his teammates' desire to go back, he answered: "No. You are English, I am Hungarian. Hungary, like England to you, is my home. My opinion of the Russians is my own, and one that I will not discuss with anyone. But even if all Hungarians wanted to emigrate it would not be humanly possible."

## FAST BOWLER

England's fast bowler Frank Tyson bowled over an entire congregation in the Johannesburg Central Congregational Church last weekend. Somewhat sheepishly he entered the pulpit to preach the first sermon of his career and what a good job he made of it.

It was a message of goodwill to all that he gave and in it he made several references to cricket.

—(London Express Service). (COPRIGHT)

## Sports Diary

## TODAY

Boomer

Div. 1: St. Joseph's v Kitson (Club) 3.30 p.m.; RAP v South China (Club) 3.30 p.m.; CAA v Club (BSF) 3.30 p.m.

Reserve Div.: RAP v South China (Club) 2 p.m.; CAA v Club (BSF) 2 p.m.

Div. 2: Dockyard v Jardines (Club) 2 p.m.; RAP v Club (BSF) 2 p.m.; RAMC v REME (HIV) 2.10 p.m.; B & S v CMB (HIV) 2.45 p.m.

Div. 3: Dogwell's v RIL (HIV) 2.15 p.m.; Tamar v Medifusion (HIV) 3.45 p.m.; AFS v Hollandia (HIV) 3.45 p.m.

Cricket

Div. 1: KCC Wasps v Army South; KGV v DSB; ITC v KCC Hornets (Club) 3 p.m.; Army North v RAP; Reserv: University "B" v RAP; Police v University "A".

Rugby

Hexangular Tournament: Club v Police (BSF) 3 p.m.; Army North v Army (BSF) 4.10 p.m.; Army South v RAP (Sek Kong) 4.10 p.m.

Racing

Sixth Race Meeting at Happy Valley (Second Day).

# MILITARY LAW LOOKS TYPE FOR 2,000 GUINEAS

By JAMES PARK

Military Law and Ennis are the only colts in the 9 st. division in the Free Handicap still to be dealt with. In the first half of the season I would not have cared to back anything to beat them in a test of speed. Military Law did not quite fulfil expectations in the autumn, but Ennis kept his form well.

The notion I have about Military Law is purely personal and one with which trainer Jack Waugh may not agree. This magnificent looking colt was a bit hot in the early days of the season and always wanted to be showing off. He wore a fringed leather noseband as it was said he was liable to throw his head about in wet weather. He also ran in ankle boots which suggested he was liable to trip himself.

## PLENTY OF DASH

He had an extravagant action and I have little doubt the trainer was anxious to get his charge to settle down. With a view to doing so I fancy the colt was restrained in his work and kept in behind his galloping companions. That appeared to be a success as the colt did not pull so hard in the two races he had in the autumn.

DRIVING FINISH

It came as a surprise to find the two-year-old holding his own in a driving finish and the camera showed he still had a few inches to spare at the winning post.

All sorts of going came alike to Ennis but as he is bred purely on sprinting lines he is unlikely to be asked to race beyond six furlongs. In that department he should be a contender for the championship and it was a wise policy to retire him after that terrific duel at York.

## Answers To Sports Quiz

1. 2-1 with two drawn: Tenly Albright, Cortina, Italy.
2. Speckham, Shirley Fry.
3. Wimbledon, French and Australian.
4. Rosewall.
5. Nineteen wickets in a Test match by Jim Laker.
6. World men's singles table tennis title, heavyweight boxing title, and bantam-weight title.
7. Cambridge.

## BE SPECIFIC

## NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?

1. Besieged town
2. Hot country
3. Irregular fighters
4. Battle
5. Settlers
6. Not a Monarchist

Solution on Back Page

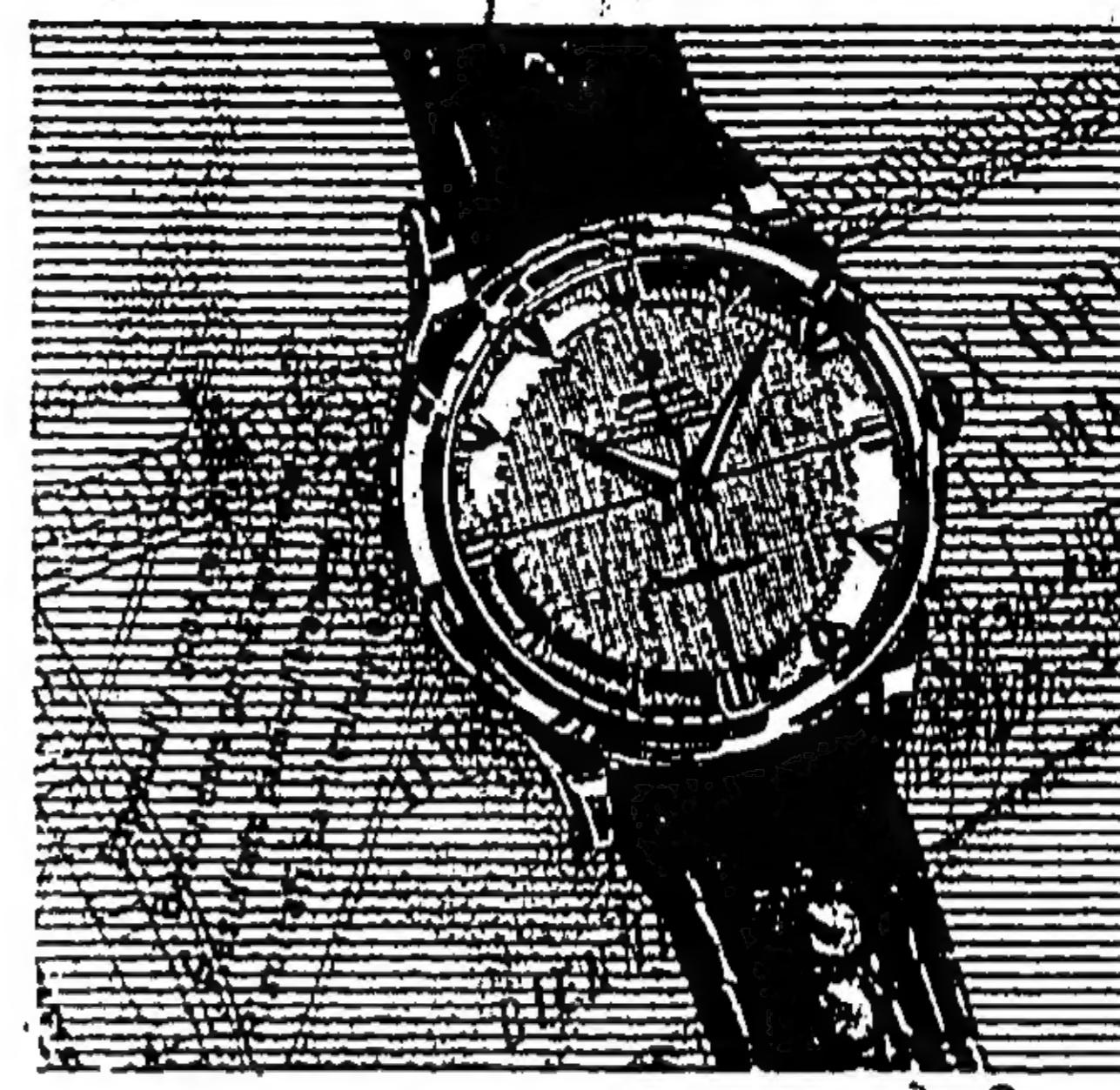


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## FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

## CROSSWORD

Cartoonist Calhoun lettered in the parts of a fish to give you some help with the crossword puzzle.



## HIDDEN FISH

The Puzzlement has hidden a fish in each of these sentences. Can you find them?

The carpenter finished the job early.

He's now halo and hoary.

The last spike used in the railroad track was made of gold.

In the ship's bow, a hooded figure could be seen.

## MIXED-UP FISH

Each of these strange lines is a fish. Find them by rearranging the letters:

DEN FLOUR  
KALE SON GUM  
JAM BACKER

## FISH REBUS

If you use the words and pictures correctly, you'll have no trouble finding the four fishes hidden in this rebus:



(Solutions On Page 20)

## Try These Brain Teasers

JUST as people tend to associate with those of their own age and interests, animals group together with their kind. It's the herd instinct.

There's a special name for most herds of animals. For instance, a group of lions is known as a "pride" of lions. Listed below in scrambled order are a number of animals and their group (or herd) name. How many can you match correctly?

1. whales a. covey
2. foxes b. burren
3. partridges c. suik
4. mules d. brood
5. larks e. mustering
6. turtles f. pod
7. storks g. gang
8. elks h. crash
9. rhinoceroses i. bevy
10. grouse j. bale

NOW TRY your hand at these riddles. Can you guess them?

1. What is it that stays hot in the refrigerator?
2. On which side does a chicken have the most feathers?
3. What kind of a doctor would a duck make?
4. What does a tooth have that a tree has?
5. What key in music will make a good officer?
6. Why is an old coat like an iron kettle?

(Answers On Page 20.)



A GOOD TEAM OF ARCTIC SLED DOGS PUSHED BY AN EXPERT DRIVER CAN COVER 100 MILES IN A DAY WITH A LIGHT LOAD.

BEES MUST POLLINATE ABOUT 15,000 CLOVER BLOSSOMS FOR EVERY POUND OF CLOVER SEED PRODUCED.

ANT ELEPHANT'S HEART MAY HAVE A CIRCUMFERENCE OF SEVEN AND A HALF FEET.

He found a place in his heart for children and friendless animals.

## Gene's Menagerie

IF you had been living in Amherst, Massachusetts, about ninety years ago, you might have known a boy by the name of Eugene Field. In that old New England town everyone called him Gene. He lived happily there with his Aunt Mary, his cousin Mary, and his younger brother Roswell, whom he called "Rosy."

Gene was not very old when his love for pets first showed itself. One day, while on a walk for wild flowers with Cousin Mary, he came upon a small snapping turtle. Gene found it so curious and fascinating that he brought it home with him.

This was his first animal and it was to become the start of a very large collection. The next was a stray cat that Gene felt sorry for. He was sure it was looking for a comfortable place to stay, so he gave it lodgings in the hayloft of Aunt Mary's barn.

That cat must have known how fond Gene was of animals, for it wasn't long before it presented him with three lively kittens. Gene's menagerie had started to grow.

When Aunt Mary's good friend, the Deacon, gave the boys six baby chicks, Gene gave each one a name—"Funniken," "Minniken," "Winniken," "Dumb," "Poog," and "Boog."

He taught them to answer certain whistles, and each learned to make a special noise when it was called.

Gene was still hunting for more animals. In a hollow oak stump one of his friends showed him two baby squirrels—tiny orphans. Gene wanted to bring them home, but Cousin Mary put her foot down and said "NO!" quite decisively.

Gene should have listened, but he loved those squirrels so much that he couldn't bear to leave them behind. He slipped them in his pocket, took them home, and hid them in his room.

One morning Cousin Mary told Aunt Mary she was sure she heard mice in the house.

"Gene lost no time. He ran up to his room and opened the window. Later, when he re-

turned in the afternoon, he found that the squirrel had run away without even waiting to say goodbye.

About a week later a kind-hearted gentleman presented Gene with a mole. The boy put it in his bureau drawer. He liked to watch it roll its way around with its funny little nose.

BY THIS TIME, Gene had so many pets that folks in the town began to call his collection "Gene's menagerie."

An important new addition was Dooley, a dog that looked as if it had never had a bath in its life. When Gene found him down by Aunt Mary's barn, Dooley was so dirty and dirty that the boy knew he would have to be cleaned up thoroughly before he would be received in good society.

Gene rushed for some soap and water and gave the dog harder scrubbing than he had ever given himself. To make Dooley more attractive to Aunt Mary, he sprinkled plenty of his aunt's perfume over the dog's clean, furry coat.

When Aunt Mary discovered how much her nephew loved Dooley, she hadn't the heart to send him away.

One time, when he was running his popular column

"Sharps and Flats" in a Chicago paper, Eugene Field told of how lonely his home had become because his little fox terrier, Jessie, had run away. He was sure Jessie was an educated dog, for, he wrote, "We have tried our poems on Jessie, and she always liked them—leastwise she wagged her tail approvingly."

★ ★ ★

LATER Gene was sent away to school. He was a bright boy, always good-humored and full of fun.

When he grew up, he worked on newspapers in St. Louis, Denver, and Chicago. He became celebrated for his wit and brilliant writing.

But wherever he lived, he always had pets about. It seemed his heart always went out to some forlorn stray animal.

★ ★ ★

Almost all boys and girls have become fond of Eugene Field's poems. In his writing, Field seemed to know just how to please children. "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," "The Sugar Plum Tree," "The Night Wind," and "Little Boy Blue"—these and many more of his poems are popular with young folks and grown-ups alike.

★ ★ ★

Today a statue of this beloved writer stands in a Chicago park. The pennies of thousands of children helped to erect it. It is a very impressive memorial to the man who found a place in his heart for so many children and friendless animals.

★ ★ ★

—VINCENT EDWARDS



## Whaling A Hundred Years Ago

WHALEMEN of a hundred years ago would have marvelled at the helicopters, radar-equipped ships and bombing guns used by today's whalers.

In 1850 the whale, a creature bigger than a house, was attacked and captured by six men in a 30-foot rowboat.

Four men rowed the boat, the boat officer steered it with a long (18-foot) oar, and the harpooner stood in the bow of the boat.

The eight-foot harpoon was an iron spear, sharper than a razor, fastened to a wooden pole. The iron from which the harpoon spear was made was so perfect that "it could be tied in a knot and untied without damage."

★ ★ ★



officer, who replaced the harpooner in the bow.

The weapon used to kill the whale was the lance—a four-foot, double-edged iron sharper than a surgeon's knife. The lance was tied to the boat by a rope; this enabled the officer to pull it back out of the whale after every thrust.

The officer's strategy was to keep plunging the lance into the whale until the big fish's "life" was reached.

The whale's "life" was the reservoir in which his blood was stored. Once the lance pierced it, the blood rushed into his lungs, or elsewhere, and he soon died.

★ ★ ★

Many a whale boat was taken for a Nantucket sleigh ride and never again seen by mortal eyes. A Nantucket sleigh boat was the term given by old whalers to the towing of a whale boat by a runaway whale.

It is easy to understand the motto of the men who went down to the sea in ships to catch the world's biggest animal: "A Dead Whale or a Sane Boat."

—MANUEL ALMADA

## How People Hide Their Money—Only To Lose It

PEOPLE do queer things with money. Some stuff it in the rafters in the attic where it is chewed by termites. Some tuck it away in cupboard or dresser drawers for the mice to nibble on.

And some people would rather trust their bank notes in the furnace in the summertime than to put them in a bank, never thinking that someone is apt to start a fire there without knowing of the precious contents.

Others have put their faith—and a fat roll of bills—in an old shoe and buried the shoe in the back yard. They've been surprised to find after six months that the money was completely decayed.

And then there are the purely accidental ways of losing one's cash. It is not an uncommon occurrence to



have bills go through washing machines in the pocket of someone's garment.

One farmer had the misfortune to lose a sizable bankroll by letting it fall into a bucket of mush given to the family cow, who ate it in good faith. Only the fact that she was worth much more than the \$70 she swallowed kept her from being slaughtered for the contents of her stomach.

And just last summer a Pennsylvania farmer had to open 406 bales of hay before he recovered his wallet containing \$490, lost while baling the hay.

Knarf and Handi wanted to know what different places around the house Jenny Squeak lived.

Most of the time, said Christopher, "she lives in door hinges—but she also lives in now shoes and table drawers."

"I'm sure you've often heard her. She's got a very squeaky voice."

"Oh yes, we've heard her all right," said Handi.

"And then," said Christopher, "there's my friend Jerry Bang."

"But one of the strangest people I ever met lives in a box."

"Did he like it?" Handi wanted to know.

Christopher Cricket shook his head.

"At first he did but when he discovered that the children didn't even know where he was and that he was about to be thrown out, he quickly changed his mind about staying out of his own box."

"I had to squeeze him in and jump on the top of the box before I could get him back again," said Jerry Bang.

Knarf wondered what Jack was thinking about all the time he was in the box.

Christopher Cricket shook his head and said he didn't know.

"I think he was thinking about the time he was in the box."

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## YOUR BIRTHDAY ... by STELLA

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5

BORN today, you are a natural leader in the circle in which you move. A mentally active person, you are apt to overdo things and, since you are not as physically robust as you might wish, you tend to wear yourself out before your time. Learn to conserve physical energy as much as possible and save yourself to develop the big ideas which others may follow and promote.

Fond of travel; it is likely that you will visit many foreign lands. You like to compare customs and people with those in your own country. You will make friends wherever you go and will soon have acquaintances that encircle the globe. Wed early in life. Select someone who has gypsy feet, too, and you will find happiness travelling about the earth. You probably speak well in public and might make a good lecturer. You also have the gift of the written word and should be able to write entertainingly with wit and charm.

You women are fine managers and make excellent wives for ambitious men, for you seem to have the "know-how" of proper entertaining as well as the knack for meeting and knowing all the right people! You may also have dramatic ability and, for a time, may want to be on the stage. You could actually combine two careers with success, if you wished.

You men are especially fitted for places of high, confidential responsibility. You know how to keep a secret and seem able to evolve long-term solutions for difficult problems. People seem to go to you, quite naturally, for help and advice.

Among those born on this date were: Christopher La Farge, architect; Henry Loomis Nelson, editor; Zebulon M. Pike, explorer; Humbert Wolfe, poet; Eddie Sutherland, actor-producer; William P. Johnston, educator; and John C. Moss, inventor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 6

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Be extremely diplomatic in matters involving romance. A thoughtful word could bring acute unhappiness.

**AQUARIUM** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—If you have been postponing a decision important to your future, take time to consider it now. Decide!

**PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—If you are taking a one-day trip to visit relatives, be assured that you will have a pleasant time.

**ARIES** (Mar. 21-Apr. 19)—Listening to a good sermon this morning may give you the self-confidence and inspiration to begin a new objective.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21-May 21)—You may need tact and patience with affairs on the domestic front. Don't let your marriage partner nudge you!

**GEMINI** (May 22-June 21)—You may have difficulty in making long-term plans today, but if you are patient, you should come to some conclusions.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 23)—If you have a lonely friend or relative nearby, invite him to the girls' Sunday dinner for the family.

**LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—It may be next to impossible to settle an argument peacefully if you get into one, so at all costs avoid that dilemma.

**VENUS** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Don't attempt to do any work today which involves a business or financial problem. Leave all for the working week.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Short-term projects are favoured. Just now, think in terms of day-by-day planning and all goes satisfactorily.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—If something on the home front needs doing in a hurry, this is the day to get caught up on that detail work.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—When returning from a day's trip, get an early start back or the good of the day's relaxation will be lost.

**TARGET**

I	S	E
T	F	D
E	T	A

How many four-letter words can you find in the letters in the grid? By making each word, the letters in each of the small squares may be used once only. Each word must contain the letter in the small square and there must be at least one nine-letter word.

**WHO** The British, we are told, says? The British are a singularly unemotional race.

For instance, it will be so much more powerful and accurate than anything now in operation that it will almost certainly enable astronomers to get into one, so at all costs avoid that dilemma.

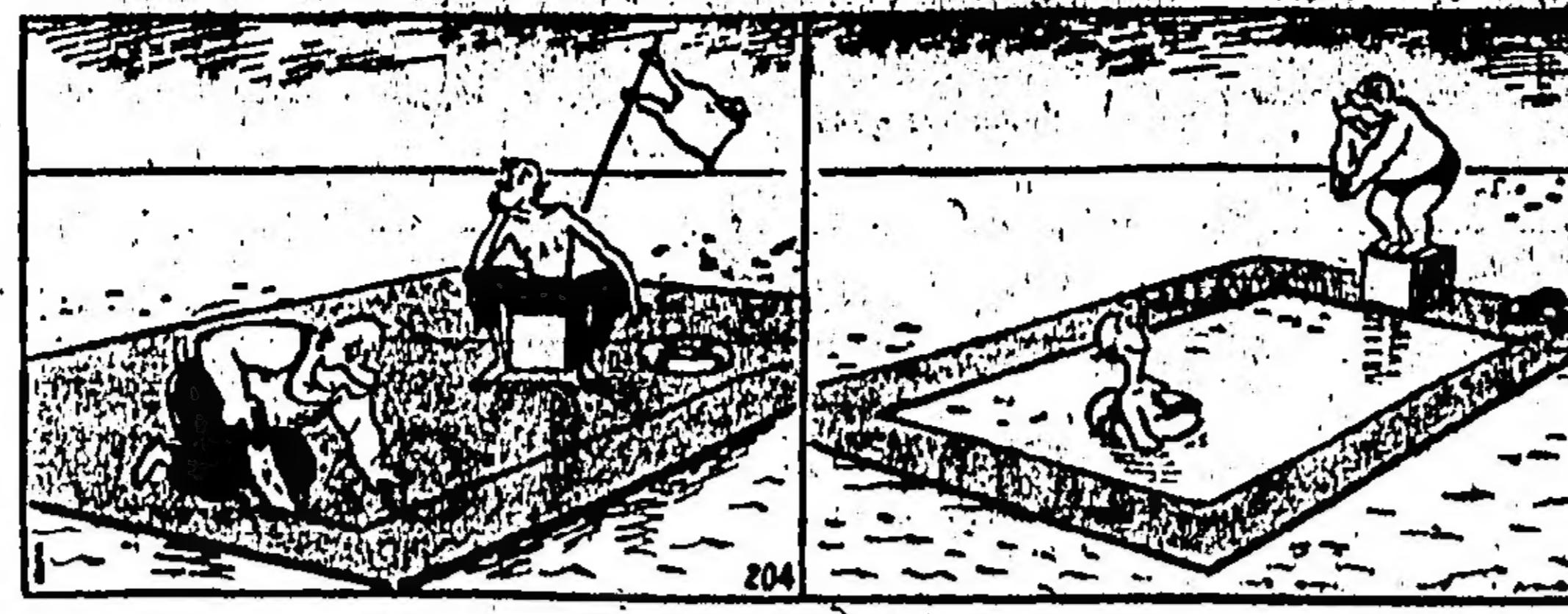
Nevertheless, this new gimmick will have its uses.

It follows, therefore, that it must have been foreign tourists who filled the special trains from the North, the South and the Midlands that brought a seething mass of people to a field in Cheltenham.

A thousand pounds worth of uncut diamonds had been secreted there as part of a Television stunt.

Several of these foreign tourists were so eager for the loot that they had to be treated by ambulance men rushed to the scene.

## Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN . . . by Walter



## PARADE

## A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

**SUPER GIMMICK** Two Westinghouse engineers have just come up with an electronic gimmick which will increase the range of the most powerful telescopes by three times.

Since the 200-inch telescope at Mount Palomar in California will already let you peer two billion light years (12,000 billion billion miles) into space you may wonder why it is that astronomers should want to see six billion light years (88 billion trillion miles) into space.

You may also suspect that why they see at that distance will be a little out of date since, on account of the time it takes light to travel, it will have happened three billion years before the earth was formed and six billion years before the first man appeared.

But maybe you'd rather leave that one to the astronomers.

Indeed, the British seem to tell this to one another at least once a day and it would be singularly un-British to dispute it.

It follows, therefore, that it must have been foreign tourists who filled the special trains from the North, the South and the Midlands that brought a seething mass of people to a field in Cheltenham.

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## BY • THE • WAY •

by Beachcomber

"EAST and West meet," say "EAST and West meet," say "EAST and West meet," say

and women should know better than to confuse overall price-bumping with increased purchase-cost."

**Who would have thought it?**

"M-1-L-Law!" Derek Grimwaters heard the feline appeal. Recking naught, he swarmed up the towering chequett tree hand over hand. Not for nothing had he served aboard a herring-drifter. In 12 seconds (Greenwich time) he was stuck, and could not get up or down. A policeman climbed towards him. He, too, got stuck. The cat sang on. The fire-brigade arrived, and four firemen got stuck, and their ladder broke. Passers-by climbed, and got stuck. This a beautiful girl tried. She, too, got stuck. Evening fell. The cat slipped down unobserved, and made off, a half-deaf character, an discontent, living far by himself. The incessant chittering among the branches. "We must get rid of those infernal starlings," he said. Whenupon he hosed a quantity of icy water into the upper branches. Amid curses and howls of pain I climbed into the tree, ignoring the men. I rescued the girl and took her to dinner. And that, Babette, is how I met your great-grandmother.

**Mrs Wrech explains**

**MRS WRECH** said yesterday: "The fact that certain things are becoming more expensive will be seized on by enemies of the Government as evidence that prices are rising. The unpatriotic idea that because we have to pay more for food and other things, the cost of living is going up is disproved by the cost-of-living index, and by the recent Economic Survey. The general public cannot be expected to understand the intricate details of the national economy, but instructed men

## Dartwords

HAVE you 10 minutes to spare before Christmas? Then see if you can make your way round this 40-word circle from a HOBBLERHOVS, on the rim to ROD in the centre. To do so you have to rearrange the other words in such a way that the relationship between any word and the one next to it is governed by one of six rules.

Rules: (1) The word may be an anagram of the word that precedes it.

(2) It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.

(3) It may be found by adding one letter to, or subtracting one letter from, or changing one letter in the preceding word.

(4) It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, proverb, motto, or adage.

(5) It may be a name of a well-known person, place, or thing in real or fiction.

(6) It may be associated with the preceding word in the title of a book or of a poem, play, or other composition.

A typical arrangement of words in a circle would be:

ROD, ADAM, LILLIAN, ISLA, LILIAN, ADAM, ROD.

Answers on page 12.

## • JACOBY ON BRIDGE

## Suit Signal Is Key Play

By OSWALD JACOBY

THE suit preference signal should practically never be used on the first trick of a hand. Today's hand shows an exception to the rule.

West led the king of clubs, and dummy won with the ace. It was obvious that West had led a singleton, and it was equally obvious that East could not want to signal either encouragement or discouragement. In other words, East could not want to signal West to lead another club; nor could he want to signal West to refrain from leading another club.

The road was therefore clear for East to use a signal for a different purpose. He could play a higher club than necessary to

lead another club than necessary to</

